THE

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## RELICS.

BY EDITH SOUTHER.

Pressed 'mid the leaves of a scrap-book old,
Brown and violet, crimson and gold,
Scentless and dead they lie.
Dead as the hopes of a saddened heart,
But the memories of which they form a part,
Never can fade or die.

Pressed on the page of a little song,
Telling a love that was brave and strong,
Till of its life bereft;
Love, true love is of little worth,
Flowers crowned this love at its birth,
Nought but their ghosts are left.

And the ghost of a love that has lived its time,
And the ghosts of flowers long past their prime,
Twine with a faded grace
Round a well-worn page of the scrap-book old,
And all of the story left to be told
Speaks from a pictured face.

Love, still love in the quiet eyes,
Love of a kind to outlive the skies,
Passionless, pure and strong.
Love as fathomless as the sea,
In the eyes that are turned away from me—
Whose was the bitter wrong?

# A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

## Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

### CHAPTER X.

EUGENE AND HIS SISTER.

When Eugene was left alone in the street the night that Marian parted from him so abruptly, something like the old sullen darkness in which she had found him brooding when his life first received its brightness from her smile, came over him again.

Sensitive and keenly alive to all surroundings as he was by nature, the peculiar circumstances of his family had strongly affected his disposition and character.

Ever since he could remember, he had been an object of annoyance rather than affection to his mother. At times she actually seemed to shrink from him, and his sudden appearance in her presence always brought a cloud with it to her spirits.

Long ago there had been days when she could show a sort of self-reproachful interest in him, and at such times arrangements had been made for the desultory education he had been able to snatch at these brief periods.

Had he been less studious or of a lighter and more careless nature, the boy would have grown up a dunce and an idler, without an object in the world; but determined to seize whatever mental food was offered to his hungry mind, he made good use of his capricious opportunities, and although Mrs. Blanchard's fickleness and neglect made sad inroads into his regular plans of study, no combination of adverse influences could prevent his acquiring knowledge.

But it was a gloomy and cheerless sort of an education so pursued, and the lad himself, while he resisted the temptations of idleness and vanity, bade fair to become a misanthrope.

In all his life there was but one spot of bloom, and even that one was often planted with the thorns of his strange and unnatural mother's jealousy.

When he was about ten years old a daughter had been born to Mrs. Blanchard, and this child, as if in contradiction to her parents, early evinced an intense and unconquerable fondness for the neglected boy.

She was a fair and beautiful little creature, too delicate and fragile for perfect health, and with a strangely premature mental development that contrasted the more with her slender and childish form.

Until Violet's decided and unmistakable preference displayed itself for Eugene, his existence had been checkered by evidences of neglect and aversion, sparely crossed by moments of kindness and efforts at compensating care.

The child's love seemed to seal his fate, for ever afterward his mother regarded him with unalterable suspicion and avoidance, and no further effort was ever made in his behalf by either parent.

He grew into the knowledge of this change, it did not come to him all at once, and he accepted it in silence and sealed his heart against complaint or outburst, suffering gloomily but manfully, and working at his favorite studies in a silent, dogged way, without hope and without joy.

He returned his sister's love in a mournful affection, that seemed to burden rather than strengthen his heavy heart.

He knew that every smile and caress she bestowed on him gave her mother pain, and he was too magnanimous to glory in this way of gaining retribution; on the contrary he avoided wounding the woman who had had no mercy on him, and taught Violet to come to him when they could be alone together, and could annoy no one by their innocent affection.

His manner to their mother had always been respectful; when he grew old enough to understand his unhappy position it became coldly courteous; and until the day he met young Marian Barton, he had gone on working with his books and pencil, and controlling his unhappiness and irrepressible yearning for a different experience as he could, without an object in the future, or a hope beyond the dull routine of the weary days as they passed.

To know Marian was to feel the presence of inspiring and noble goodness, and in her society and under her influence Eugene began to live and hope.

The present was a bondage, his abilities if rightly cultivated would give him future freedom.

This he learned from the inspiration of her clear, soft brown eyes that seemed to look right into his heart and read the story of its cares, its aimless struggles and dreary experience.

Life no longer wore gray hues, everything grew bright, and as he worked and strove, encouraged by her smile, the dull clouds seemed to part before him, and he saw a clear and promising future beyond.

But that dark and heavy night, as they parted in the cold street, seemed to scatter all the hope like vanished sunlight, and fall in its dull, dreary hues around him as black and rayless as the pall of death.

He roused himself from a miserable feeling of stupor, and turned his steps toward the splendid house in Lexington Park.

As he reached the broad and showy front he glanced upward and marked a light in Mrs. Blanchard's room.

He passed in with a sigh of relief, for somehow he dreaded to meet her, and ascending the lofty stairway till he reached the upper floor, paused at the door of a chamber at the back of the house and opened it with a key which he took from his pocket for the purpose.

There was a light beautifully shaded, standing on the large table that occupied the centre of the floor, and sitting beside it curled up into an easy-chair with a huge book on her knee, sat a very beautiful young girl, with a fair, delicate face and large pansy-colored eyes.

"Eugene!" she cried, springing up at sight of him and dropping the great book she held, "how late you are, my darling brother. I have sat here with no one for company but pretty June yonder, and she seemed to frown, you stayed so long."

She looked up at a painting which hung directly in front of them, representing an idealization of the first month of summer in a lovely girl, crowned with roses, with her hands full of strawberries and field blossoms.

The study was a beautiful one, but any one who had ever seen Marian Barton could see at a glance that it was nothing more than a portrait of her in soft white drapery, dotted here and there with bees and butterflies, and crowned with a wealth of summer bloom.

The artist cast his eyes on his favorite picture and shuddered; the contrast between its smiling lips and the blanched and tearful face he had left was startling.

"You are pale and something troubles you," whispered Violet, with her arms around his neck. "I wish I were old and wise enough to share your thoughts, and I would charm all their pain away."

"And so you do, dear little sister," Eugene returned fondly.

He had thrown himself on the little lounge that stood against the wall opposite to his picture, and was looking at it now over the fair young head that nestled close to his breast.

"But you must not sit up so late waiting for me another night, dear," he continued, chidingly. "You know you are a slender little girl, not nearly so strong or stout as you should be, and that no one can get rosy cheeks who waits and watches."

"Yes, but I could not go to bed to-night without seeing you, Eugene, for I had something to tell you, something that is troubling me, and that you must explain."

"If I can," her brother said, trying to smile, and caressing his sister's fair head as it nestled close to his breast.

"Eugene," said Violet, solemnly looking up into the young man's face, despite his efforts to hide its troubled expression from her earnest eyes, "there is something very wrong in our home here, no one is happy, and I feel as if there were a great cloud dropping lower and lower over us all. I have known it for a long, long time, and it seems to grow darker and darker every day, until I feel as if there were scarcely any light or sunshine left in life. To-day, after our silent dinner, when mamma and papa kept exchanging anxious looks and you spoke to no one, I crept into the library all alone and lay down on the sofa in the alcove to cry a little to myself, but I fell asleep after awhile, and when I woke up I heard voices, and the place was dark. Of course I listened, because I didn't know just where I was at first, nor how I came there, being confused after my long nap, and I heard papa's voice say angrily, 'Why did you wear it? it was too precious to risk on a slender chain, and with no other guard than your silk belt;' and mamma replied, 'It was stolen from me; it never could have been dropped by chance, I had it too firmly secured for that,' and then she added, 'You ask me why I wore it, and I'll tell you. I could not rest unless it was where I could touch it, where I could see it at any moment, and I did not dare to destroy it, lest something might happen which would render it necessary for me to refer to it.' Then papa answered in the same irritated way, 'Well, you must take your chances; it's gone now, and no one that finds it will ever see any value in it. You won't be likely to need it; if you do, why you must just chance it, as I said before.' 'You are too easy, too foolhardy!' cried mamma in an agony, 'the very air is full of danger to us, and you can see none of it. That boy's presence is intolerable to me. You see those two together daily, yet you seem to fear nothing.' Papa got up and moved about impatiently. He said that mamma made ghosts to haunt herself with, and muttered something about waking Eugene's suspicion by her strong measures. Then mamma seemed to grow quite wild, and she threw up her hands in a desperate way, crying out, 'They must be separated. I cannot live and see Violet and Eugene daily meet and fondle each other in my presence. If old De Courcy's ghost must cry for vengeance, let it come in any other form. They part, and part at once, or I shall die!' She spoke as if her very life depended on the fulfilment of her words, and even papa seemed startled, and tried to quiet her. He said the servants would soon come to light the rooms; and after talking to her in a low tone for a little while, he led her away, and finding myself alone, I came up-stairs, and could scarcely wait to have you come and tell me, dear brother, what such dreadful words mean."

Eugene tried to make light of this revelation, but not very successfully, for it was plain to be seen that he himself had been affected by it as he listened. Still he endeavored to convince Violet that she must have dreamed part and misunderstood the rest, and failing signally in this attempt, he earnestly besought her to drive it from her thoughts, if possible.

"For it is a very painful mystery, and one we cannot fathom, my poor dear sister," he said, sadly. "Let us love and trust each other, and Heaven will take care of us and bless us, in spite of all the mistakes and gloomy misunderstandings that surround us."

"But they must not separate us, Eugene," cried Violet. "What should I do without you? What would this quiet, deathly house be if you didn't come home and talk to me, and let me sit near you while you paint those beautiful pictures?"

She clung to him as if she feared they would be torn apart, and he soothed her and talked far more hopefully than he felt, ascribing his parents' strange antipathy to some trivial cause that would wear away, and finally quieting the poor child, so that she sat at his side and listened to his description of the plan for his great picture, which he gave her with an assumed hopefulness and interest in the subject, which since his interview with Marian he found it very difficult to feel.

Violet was still but a child—and although she had been excited and agitated by the scene she had witnessed in the library, her brother's pretended calmness and soothing assurances had their effect in quieting her feelings, and she listened and became enthusiastic about the grand painting and its success in charming the public, and proclaiming her beloved Eugene the great artist she believed him to be.

It was getting late, as he gently reminded her—and she rose to go down to her own room by a small, winding stair leading from the hall, at the further end of his.

"Good-night, my pet," he said, "we will talk more of this to-morrow; you must keep me in heart for my work now—I must look to you for my inspiration."

"Ah, where is June?" cried Violet, raising her finger warningly. "See, the lovely brown eyes look reproachfully at you, Eugene, for forgetting to acknowledge the true source of your genius; yes, it all comes from that sweet, bright face—and I long to see the real one of which it is a copy."

Eugene had told his sister about Marian's loveliness and goodness; and young as she was, she had soon discovered the spell the beautiful girl held over her brother's heart.

He tried hard to hide the effect of her words from the loving child, by turning aside his face at the mention of her whose last words seemed to have crushed life and hope out of his aching heart.

"We will talk of it to-morrow," he repeated, softly.

And she said—

"Good-night." And whispered to him that nothing on earth could make her cease to love her dearest brother; and ran softly down to her own beautiful room, where he heard her enter and close the door.

Then he came back, and with a stifled groan, threw himself into the seat opposite his favorite picture.

Resting his head on his hand, he gazed on it long and earnestly, whilst he tried to understand the gloomy destiny that seemed to draw its cloudy folds closer and closer around him.

Why should he be the object of persecution and hatred to the two who claimed to be his parents, unless they were conscious of having injured him? Why should the beautiful and innocent girl he had made the star of his life, shrink from him unless under the influence of their malignant power?

He cogitated long and painfully, for his questions awoke numberless others without gaining an answer to any one.

His head fell forward languidly and hopelessly, his mind was racked, and his body weary, and midnight-gloom closed over him as he sat there alone.

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The next morning, Mrs. Blanchard being in an impatient mood rose early and paced her dressing-room with nervous steps.

"I must get him away, if but for a few days," she said to her husband, when he reminded her that she was allowing her mental excitement to prey upon and injure her appearance. "When he is at a distance, I can think of a plan for keeping him there, now I am a prey to a thousand weak and miserable fears."

Having come to this conclusion, she went down, in answer to the breakfast-bell—but Eugene, contrary to his custom, was not at the table. Violet sat watching the door. And her mother's jealous and suspicious eyes saw disappointment in the child's face, when she entered instead of her brother.

"Call Mr. Eugene," she said, peremptorily, to the servant in attendance.

The man soon returned to say that Mr. Eugene's door was open, and the things in the room tossed about a good deal—but he was not there.

Before he had ceased speaking, Violet had sprung up and rushed by him, on her way to her brother's room. Alarmed and amazed at this show of feeling, her mother followed her quickly, to find things just as the man had said.

A few things were scattered; and one light chair had been overturned as if in a hurry or slight scuffle—but otherwise the apartment and its contents were entirely unchanged since the night before—only Eugene was gone.

"Gone!" Violet repeated, looking round her with a hopeless, frightened gaze, "where can he have gone; why should he go without me! Oh, mamma, you have driven my dear, dear brother away. You have done a harsh and cruel thing—you have parted me from the one I love best, my dear, dear brother!"

"Hush!" implored Mrs. Blanchard, looking very white, and speaking in a husky undertone; "you must not, shall not speak so of that—that—troublesome fellow. I know nothing of his disappearance; he will no doubt come back as readily as he went; but at present, you must come down quietly to breakfast. Let Mr. Eugene explain this matter on his return," she continued, aloud, to the gathering servants. "It is a mere freak of his, and he will be in presently for his breakfast."

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### CHAPTER XI.

A NEW CHARACTER.

The winter sun was shining brightly, and Lexington Terrace, its broad flag-stones cleanly swept, and its windows decorated with rare exotics, was offering a tempting promenade for afternoon walkers, when a flashily-dressed gentleman, with a showy figure and showy air, turned from a cross-street into its lofty precincts.

He was tall and stately in figure, with an air of being younger than he was, and quite a model of a certain kind of manly beauty. His eyes were black, so were his glossy hair and beard; and nothing could be more dazzlingly white than his teeth, which he had a trick of showing in a constant smile.

His first effect on beholders was to dazzle their senses beyond the power of criticism, but a second glance or two betrayed to a keen eye, that his hair, like his complexion, was too showily made up for reality, and that his teeth and figure were both indebted to art rather than nature for their beauty and symmetry.

He seemed an idle gallant, for he came leisurely over the stone pavement trailing his delicate cane after him, and gazing lazily around as if in search of an object on which to bestow his flattering interest.

Sauntering in this easy way he came up with a very elegant coupé pausing in front of a door in the centre of the terrace, and the horses and appointments of this equipage being of the most elegant description, he eyed them all with the approving air of a connoisseur, and glanced from them to the fair proprietress of the turnout, at that moment descending the steps of her mansion and about to enter it.

As his eye rested on this unconscious figure, he started back with a stifled ejaculation of astonishment, and an expression of surprise mingled with intense interest and amusement crossed his countenance.

She was so busy speaking to her coachman that she had no knowledge of his presence, and so he had an opportunity of looking full in her face and noting every line in it before she, still unaware of his attention, entered her carriage.

She was a pretty woman with a fair but restless and somewhat shallow beauty. Her eyes were like frightened things watching and warding, but never looking fully nor trustfully at anything—and her beautiful complexion was too lifelessly white and changeless to warm an admirer into a lover.

She was exquisitely dressed, and like the gallant gentleman who was honoring her with such a close examination, possessed the art of appearing a great deal younger than she really was.

As she took her seat on the crimson silk cushions of her coach, the gentleman stepped back a pace or two into the shadow of the ornamental tree-boxes, and smote himself on the breast as an outlet to his amazement.

"By Jove!" he said, with a low whistle, "it is little Nina sure enough! But heavens, what a swell, what a nobby turnout and stylish crib to live in! It's too bad to have kept this all a secret so long, luck like Nina's needs a sharer, and here I am, my beauty!"

He chuckled as he spoke thus to himself, and began to move slowly forward without his jaunty, dashing air, but with his head bent forward in a musing way.

"Who would have thought it?" he asked himself. "Yet," he answered, "I don't know either, she was just the kind to come up again in some such unexpected manner. She has done it, by Jove, and the only question is how?"

He laughed to himself as he went on; the sound was harsh and without mirth or pleasure, it had a cold, cruel echo in it, too, and like his voice betrayed a nature at variance with his constant smile.

"She cut up wild when I left her, threatened to die by poison and all manner of games," he soliloquized. "I half believed her to be in earnest, and looked out the first fortnight to hear that she'd made a hole in the water, or taken something too strong to get over. Pshaw! I might have known better, she's a woman, and they're all alike, born to deceive and take to it naturally. Well, well, my lady of Lexington Terrace, however you rose to your present position, here's an old friend ready to join you. You sha'n't find me cold or forgetful, my dear. Oh, no!"

Here he again indulged in his disagreeable laughter, and went along cogitating as if he had found a most cheerful and amusing subject for thought.

He did not linger in the walks of fashion and splendor, but turning as if by instinct into the lower and less reputable portion of the city, kept on until he came to a dirty street crossing with a low groggery at three of its corners, and a place where second-hand clothing was bought and sold on the fourth.

A woman, partially intoxicated and very careless and swaggering in her dress and appearance, came out of the nearest drinking-house and faced him suddenly as he gained the lower corner of the street.

At sight of him, she moved back a pace or two, and became deadly white at the recognition. She waved her hand to prevent his approach, and her lips moved without her uttering a word.

He, on his part, was scarcely less shaken by the unlooked-for meeting than she; it was plain that they had once been well known to each other, and that this encounter filled them both with strong emotions.

The woman displayed anger and scorn, mixed with some subtile and painful feeling that seemed stronger than either, but he showed only fear, abject cringing fear, that no sooner recovered from its first shock of weakness than it assumed the form of conciliation.

He was the first to speak.

"Why, Moll, my dear girl, you've grown handsomer than ever. I—I scarcely knew you at first, by Jove, your eyes are diamonds still, and your teeth are fit for a queen, as I always said—you know."

"I know you always lied," the woman returned, in a deep, concentrated tone of contempt. "Don't tempt me now by reminding me of your hollow flattery and cursed snares."

She seemed to conquer her first feeling of shuddering pain at sight of him, and coming closer asked:

"What devil's wind blew you here to-day? What new villainy are you up to now?"

"Ah, you will be suspicious, Molly, I see," he said, attempting an air of banter, "you can't believe me when I assure you—"

"No, I believe nothing but my own experience, and that's all against you, Ralph," she returned, bitterly. "I know you are without heart or soul, and that pity or compunction are unknown to you. Heaven help you if some day we cross each other, and it all comes back on me clearly. I hold a debt against you, you know, and might call on you to settle," she added, with a hollow laugh.

"Come," he replied, rallying a little, "you are too hard on me, my girl. You blame me with your own weakness, and you know I always advised you against it." He glanced toward the tavern as he spoke

RALPH VELOUR DISCOVERS LUCY'S PLACE OF CONCEALMENT.

"BY JOVE, IT IS LITTLE LUCY! AND THE FOXES HAVE MARRED THE INNOCENT LITTLE CHICKEN, SURE ENOUGH!" HE CRIED.

and shook his head. "I always said you could make your way in the world with the best if you'd leave drink alone, it's that gives you the blue-devils, and you call it conscience, and take to preaching and threatening whenever we meet."

She looked him steadily in the eye till he quailed before her.

"Who drove me to it?" she asked, sternly. "Who deceived me by lies so fiendish, that they must blister any tongue but yours? Who led me, a poor, trusting fool, to the brink of perdition, and then tossed me over into the pit of despair? Who left me in misery, blind, helpless misery? Who—"

"Pshaw! Molly, don't talk like a tragedy queen," interrupted Ralph, wincing under her torrent of words, and showing his cowardly nature in the pallor of his nervously-working lips. "We were tired of each other, and you had a chance to pick and choose for your future when we parted, for you were good-looking and sharp, too, and might have taken the lead in any line you tried. You gave yourself up to tippling, like a fool, and that's your own loss; don't keep blaming me with it, woman; I didn't teach you to drink, and I'm sorry enough to see you've taken to it so hard."

"You should thank your stars that I do," she returned, significantly, "and I'll tell you why; it takes the edge off the shame and remorse that cut into my heart like a sharp knife. Listen, and mark my words, Ralph Velour: if I ever meet you and am perfectly sober, take heed, and say your prayers, if you never did before, for remember, man, your reckoning-time won't be far off."

Again she fixed him with her burning black eyes, and again the yellowish-white of his cheek showed that he heard and feared her.

"But never mind that," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "that's to come; but I've something to say to you to-day. You know Todd's crib, up-town? Well, take it on your way, and peep in at the window of the old cage. There's another bird there now, ha, ha, ha! one that will please you to see bound in the thief's snare. You dragged her into the dirt, and old Mother Worthy picked her up. Go and see how you like the pretty gem in its new setting!"

The man seemed puzzled at her words, and, after an instant's irresolution, seemed to dismiss the subject without further question. Taking out his purse, he muttered something about being "pretty low himself, and only waiting for a turn in luck," before he began to draw out and offer her part of its contents.

Her reply was a contemptuous look and ejaculation, accompanied by an angry fling of her hand that tossed the money pieces into the street dirt.

Seeing him, with a muttered curse, stoop to collect them again, she laughed wickedly, and went on her way.

Having repossessed himself of his scattered coin, the man rose and went directly forward with the step of one who has a stated object in view. He was a good walker, and having abandoned his lounging gait and kept steadily on at a good pace, he reached Todd's corner before very long, and stood in front of the old house, looking over it curiously with a prying eye fixed peeringly into every window.

The front was impenetrable; close-drawn curtains veiled every window, and not a face appeared in view; but as he turned the corner, into the side street, he beheld the figure of a delicate-looking young girl at the casement above the entrance, who stood looking sadly forth into the gathering twilight with a longing gaze that seemed to ask for something lost.

At the first glance he uttered a low whistle, expressive of intense astonishment, and smote his side as a vent for surprise.

"By Jove, it is little Lucy! and the foxes have nabbed the innocent little chicken, sure enough!" he cried.

Then he stood still, and breathed hard as an outlet to his excited feelings.

"I could not imagine what Moll was up to," he soliloquized, "but I see it now; she was jealous of the little creature, and woman-like rejoices over the mishap of her rival. How did they decoy the girl? She used to be as saintly as an angel! Oh, fudge! they're all alike, and as Lucy's pretty and sly, she'll be quite a take in her new line."

Saying this with an air of some satisfaction, the wretch gave a leering glance at the unconscious Lucy's mournfully-pallid face, and switching his cane in time to a gay air that he began to whistle, walked off briskly, nodding and smiling to himself, in another direction.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PAT OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

When Marian Barton found herself alone in the streets that day of her unjust dismissal from Miss Ganzewell's establishment, she turned sick and dizzy, and the burden pressing on heart and brain seemed for a time too heavy for her to bear.

First her darling sister's sorrow and danger, then the blight and separation that had fallen on her love, and now trouble and privation at the time when she needed help the most, and the greatest dependence was placed by her family on the result of her labors.

What would she do, where could she turn? Her mother must be spared all that could possibly be kept from her. Marian knew her weak, submissive nature too well to look for help or encouragement from it, and while she dearly loved and respected her poor mother, there was a pitying fondness in her affection that urged her to spare the tried heart every pang she herself could meet alone.

"I must not stand here in idle grief and repining," she thought, almost as soon as she reached the street corner leading from the dressmaker's place. "I have lost employment there, and I must find it somewhere else—the sooner the better."

So not waiting to mourn over the injustice of the two unprincipled women who had sacrificed her to cover their own dishonesty, Marian resolutely fixed her mind on the necessities of the moment and went straight to the nearest dressmaking place she knew of to ask if they could give her employment.

It was only a short distance from her former work-room, and she knew something of the forewoman there, having seen her two or three times in company with Miss Friller, whose friend she was.

To Marian's inquiry for work, this person, who chanced to be in the show-room at the time of her application, returned a favorable sort of reply.

"They were busy and needed two or three new hands," she said. "No doubt Miss Plush, the lady of the establishment, could give her a steady place if she'd step in to-morrow morning. Miss Plush would then be in, and could arrange terms to their mutual satisfaction."

Very gratefully did Marian promise to return at the designated time and then walked away, lingering around the street until it should be nearly time for her usual hour of going home, lest her presence at an earlier one should cause Mrs. Barton to ask questions.

As she drew near her own door she saw to her surprise that a doctor's carriage stood before it, and on entering the sitting-room received quite a shock by beholding her poor father stretched on the lounge there, with a deathly white face, and marks of blood about his shirt front.

Her distracted mother, who was weeping beside him, while Allan received the doctor's instructions, looked up with a cry of relief at sight of her, and exclaimed:

"Oh, here's Marian, doctor; she's the best one to take directions;" and then bursting into tears she told her daughter that her poor father had fallen from his desk stool with a hemorrhage, and that this good doctor had brought him home all pale and bleeding as she saw. "And oh, my dear child, try to have your wits about you, and don't be forgetful of what the good doctor tells you, he says his life now depends on careful nursing!"

It was well for poor Marian that she had early fallen into a habit of forgetting herself and thinking mainly for the good of others, or this last appeal would have sounded in vain in her startled ears, but as it was she quickly swallowed her alarm with a few rising sobs, and keeping her eyes fixed on her father's ghastly and half-conscious face, went earnestly to work to fulfil the doctor's instructions and do what she could to quiet the alarmed household.

There was no thought of outside work that night, nor did Mrs. Barton think of inquiring the purport of a message that came that evening from Miss Plush's by one of her apprentice girls.

Marian had left her address at the forewoman's request, and the girl called to say Miss Plush had heard from Miss Ganzewell's "managing lady" that Miss Barton had just been discharged from their establishment, and would therefore save that young woman the trouble of calling in the morning, as they never employed girls who had been turned away from other business places under *such circumstances*.

Marian heard the pert young messenger in silence, and without one word of reply bowed quietly, and waited to see her down the steps and on her way up the street.

She was almost thankful for the painful circumstances that surrounded her, since their sorrowful excitement saved her from question or suspicion on the part of her mother.

"You can't go to work to-morrow, Miss Ganzewell must do without you, Marian," Mrs. Barton said.

And so Marian stayed at home till late the next day, when her father having dropped into a quiet and refreshing sleep, she proposed that her mother, who had had an opportunity of resting for a few hours, should sit beside him while she "went to see about her work."

"For you know, mother, dear, we must be more than ever careful to attend to that," Marian said; "poor father must be saved from every anxiety."

"I wish Lucy had never gone away," interrupted Mrs. Barton, hastily. "When your pay and hers came together regularly, it seemed to make quite a little sum; now that she's in New York, she hasn't even written to us, let alone send us any of her money." And the poor weak woman began to cry complainingly.

Marian was tying on her bonnet, and with her face turned from her mother, she said, falteringly—

"Perhaps she has been disappointed, mother; indeed I feel sure she has—and that makes her miserable and ashamed to write. Oh, mother, cannot we have her home again? Father has made so many mistakes—and this about poor Lucy seems the worst of all."

Her tears began to flow as she spoke, and her mother, who always wept whenever she could not tell what else to do, joined her very heartily, for now that her husband lay weak and powerless she too began to doubt his prosperous prophecies about Lucy's future.

"Yes, I do wish she was home with all my heart," said the poor soul, and Marian uttered an inward prayer in unison with her mother's words as she hurried away to hide her overpowering emotion.

When she reached the end of the street, where there was a great lot half overgrown with weeds, and marked by a clump of poplar trees, the young girl found herself suddenly accosted by the same queer-looking boy who had brought her a note from her poor sister.

"I've been waiting for you ever so long," said this lad, with a friendly grin; "I want to speak to you about *her*, you know;" and he winked his cunning little eyes, and pursed up his mouth in a very knowing and confidential manner.

Marian had started and changed color at sight of him; she now stood trembling and panting with eagerness to hear, yet scarcely daring to question.

"My sister, my poor dear sister," she cried, "oh, tell me of her, and I will bless you, my good boy."

"I ain't good a bit," he replied, shaking his head gravely, "I'm a reg'lar scallawag and no mistake, but I'm sorry for your sister, because she's pretty and quiet, and Moll's sorry for her too tho' she pretends she ain't, and I'm ready to help her off if she wants to give Mother Worthy the slip, and you're willing to help too?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Marian, anxiously. "I want her to come home, I have thought of that day and night ever since I saw her last."

"Then you write it all out to her," said the boy with a knowing air, "put it down on paper, so as she can read it; make it strong and loving and all that; she'll need it to give her pluck to break away from the old 'un, and I'll take it to her this very night, by jing I will, and Moll will help me."

"I'll go back at once and do it," said Marian, ardently; "don't fail me when I return with it, I beseech you. Oh, I cannot tell you the good you are doing, I cannot repay you, but I will bless and pray for you always!" Here she broke down, overcome by the hope of getting Lucy back again, and wept like a child from mingled hope and fear.

Looking up as she wiped her eyes, she espied Mrs. Blanchard's carriage driving slowly round the corner, while the lady herself leaned from the window to direct her coachman. Those restless cold blue eyes of hers fastened quickly on Marian and her companion, and a look of intelligence lighted up her face with something like a wicked leer; it was gone in an instant, and she nodded smilingly as she drove out of sight.

Marian stood still, and her enthusiasm was cooled as by a blighting wind; that woman's mocking face seemed to rise between her and every future hope, and her glittering smile was like an omen of evil.

"I'm going to Todd's crib to-night," said the boy, bringing her back to the business in hand; "Jim's going off to-morrow, and he's in for a long snooze, so he wont miss me. If you're sure to be back here in half an hour I'll wait, but mind you, hurry, and no fooling."

Pledging herself to haste, Marian delayed no longer. She soon reached her own door, and opened it noiselessly, gliding through the small entry and up the stairs without a sound, desiring, if possible, to accomplish her errand without her mother's knowledge, and so avoid an explanation that would entail further deception.

She had reached the upper landing, into which opened two doors, one leading to her mother's room, the other into her own small chamber, which she was just about to enter, when the sound of chinking coin made her pause and listen.

One, two, three, four, five, and so on, she heard the pieces fall, and her mother's voice keep count. She looked in at the opposite door, overcome by curious surprise, and there she saw her mother seated on the floor before an open trunk counting money.

Gold, bright, shining gold pieces; she saw them ranged in little piles of ten, while Mrs. Barton busily and eagerly passed more through her fingers, and added them to the increasing number.

"There," she said, speaking to herself, "ten times ten make one hundred, and that's a good sum of money for a poor soul that never was allowed to keep a cent of her own."

She chuckled to herself, and then swept them all up into a canvas bag, from which she had taken them, muttering to herself—

"Ten times ten, and all in good, hard gold," whilst her daughter stood breathless and trembling at the inexplicable sight.

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)*

# THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

# Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A WITNESS FROM UNDER THE WATER.

The next day dawned bright and pleasant. At an early hour our two friends were astir and had roused their fishermen to the task laid out for the day.

The purpose of the dredging operations about to be instituted had been kept carefully secret, and when the boats left the village that morning, laden with ropes, hooks, and all the paraphernalia that seemed necessary, their object was a mystery to all the inhabitants.

Hiram Long had no desire that the news and the object of his explorations should spread down to Glendale, as he knew it would should the villagers become aware of it. So his employees were strictly charged to secrecy.

The shore was lined with boys, after they had commenced operations, as closely as if it were Captain Kidd's treasure they were seeking, or some stray monster of the seas.

Several of the fishermen employed were well acquainted with the bottom at this point. They said that the water in the centre of the channel was about twenty feet deep, and that it rapidly shelved to ten, and less rapidly to five feet, in each direction. It was a muddy bottom, and clear, so far as they were aware, of rocks or other obstructions.

There were a half-dozen boats engaged, Hiram being determined to explore the bottom as completely as possible. The dredge used was a straight bar of iron, about six feet long, each end being firmly tied with ropes, which were joined into a single rope about ten feet from the bar.

The idea was to sweep the bottom with these bars, and to investigate the character of any obstruction by other means.

Commencing a quarter mile above the suspicious point the boats were allowed to float down, the impromptu dredges dragging on the bottom. Those directly in the channel met with no obstruction. Those somewhat aside from the force of the current were several times caught, but in nearly every case the hold at the bottom easily gave way, with a surge as if a stone had been overturned.

One or two of the more closely-holding objects yielded, by the use of the hook, twigs and branches of dead wood, and in one case the united force of the boat's crew brought a water-logged trunk of some size spinning to the surface, breaking from the hook and sinking heavily again just as they caught a glimpse of it.

They continued to float down until nearly opposite the village, without more encouraging results, and returned to their starting-place again to try their fortune. This time they commenced operations somewhat further up the river, and arranged so as to drag the ground that had lain between the boats on the previous exploration.

This effort failed to produce any better result, and they returned time and again to the charge, until the whole bottom, for a space of twenty yards wide had been dragged, and the character of every heavy obstruction ascertained. There was no indication, however, of the missing boat. If William Bristol's lost pride, the Speedy, lay there, it had so far escaped their drags.

The sun had risen to near its meridian height, and their vigorous labors of the morning had been successful in giving them fierce appetites, if they had done nothing more.

There was some dissatisfied talk of the uselessness of further search, and many strong hints as to the propriety of going to dinner, and leaving the affair rest till afternoon.

"One more sweep, lads," said Hiram, cheerily. "If nothing turns up, then dinner we'll make it. It is my notion that we had better strike further up the river, say about half a mile above the broken wall."

This idea was rather distasteful to many of the watermen, those with whom the claims of appetite were most pressing. But Hiram proved resolute, and they all at length consented.

They dropped their drags again near a turn in the channel, where the current ran with considerable speed. The tide was near its lowest point now, and would soon turn to run up-stream.

Bottom was reached here with about fifteen feet of rope, and, feeling the lines as a fisherman will feel his taut cord, they let the boats float again, the iron bars dragging the bottom in a line across the channel.

More obstructions were found here than in the former trials, but none that gave the boatmen much trouble. The boat next the centre floated freely for some four hundred yards, when it was suddenly brought to rest by the drag catching in some object.

Strong arms were at once applied to the rope, and the boat dragged over the obstruction. But their utmost efforts failed either to move the obstacle or to loosen the drag. It had caught firmly in some very heavy, or deeply-buried object.

The other boats gathered round, and hooks and grappling irons were lowered along the line of the fixed rope. Several of these caught, and the strength of more than a dozen men was applied to the different ropes.

The object appeared to yield slightly, but was too heavy to be lifted from the bottom. One of the grapnels broke loose from its hold, and being drawn to the surface, was found to have a fragment of wood impaled on one of its prongs.

This, being examined, was at once pronounced part of the gunwale of a boat, and the heaving recommenced with new enthusiasm.

But they were not able to apply their full strength to the ropes from the insecure character of their footing, and the dipping of the boats at every vigorous effort.

At length, on the hint of one of the fishermen, they took to their oars, and made a united attempt to drag the sunken article into shallower water. Four of the boats had now a firm hold on the obstacle. The others attached themselves to these, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," the men bent to their work.

This time they were successful. The object yielded, and was slowly dragged after the laboring boats, until the latter were a hundred feet nearer the shore.

At this point it ceased to yield, having apparently caught in some rock or other obstruction on the bottom.

Returning directly over it, and examining the ropes, it was found that not more than ten feet of their length was under water. The article, whatever it was, had been brought within easy reach.

A council of war was held as to what should be done next, which was ended by one hearty water-rat volunteering to dive to the bottom and make an examination of the catch. The water was cold enough to make Robert Merivale shiver at the thought, but the volunteer seemed to care little for that.

While he was preparing for this cold dive, however, a sudden heave was given to the boat in which he stood, that almost flung him into the water before he was prepared.

Two of the men had been pulling on the rope of the grapnel in the bow of this boat, when the iron suddenly yielded, with a surge that set the boat violently rocking.

It was rapidly hauled to the surface, the men declaring that they had caught something—though by the weight, they did not think their fish could be of the whale variety.

One of their fellows sarcastically remarked that it was, most likely, a gudgeon.

With a quick jerk it was pulled from the water and landed in the boat.

Simultaneously Hiram Long sprang forward, giving vent to a loud exclamation, that attracted the attention of all present.

He grasped the object and held it up to view.

"A water snake, as I'm a living man!" he yelled in exultation. "The very bit of wood that we were after, my hearties! Look at it, lads—it's the lost figure head of the Speedy!"

The excitement was intense. All pressed round, heedless of the dangerous careening of the boat, that threatened to throw them all overboard. The carved serpent passed rapidly from hand to hand, eliciting various exclamations.

"Are you sure it's the right bit of wood?" asked one of the older watermen, closely examining it.

"Yes. It was I that made the cast of the boat-head in the bank—and this is its exact copy."

"Then let us go for the boat," cried the diver, finishing his preparations, and plunging over the side of the boat into the water.

He disappeared beneath the surface, and it was half a minute before his head again appeared above water.

"It's a boat, sure enough," he cried, "with half a ton of stones in her, and these fastened down with boards. I'll go down again and see what holds her."

He immediately re-appeared, exclaiming—

"She's lodged agin a rock. Pull up stream a bit, and I think we can git her on clean bottom."

They at once obeyed his directions, with success. The sunken boat yielded to their efforts.

"Now hold hard a minute—I'll try bottom agin."

"All clear!" he cried, after this attempt. "Pull straight ashore. Lay down to your work lively. That's the stroke, boys. She gives."

With the full vigor of twenty muscular arms the stout blades were wielded, the ashen oars bending like twigs in their strong arms.

The drag and hooks still held, as foot after foot was made, till the foremost boats grounded in shallow water.

The sunken boat lay about ten feet further out, at the extremity of the ropes.

The diver was now wading, and at once sought the position of the boat, calling out loudly—

"She's in five foot water, boys. A hammer this way, and I'll have the boards off and the stones out in a jiffy."

A hammer was flung him where he stood, which he dexterously caught by the handle.

Ducking his head at frequent intervals under the water, and using the instrument vigorously, he soon was able to cry out—

"All loose, lads. Here they come floating up. They were nailed tight over the stones. Catch your hammer now—and here's to empty the boat."

A succession of the same plunges and emergences followed, the man, like a genuine water-dog, dipping beneath the water as if it was his native element.

"She's lightened, my lovely lads," he cried, shaking his hair like a wet spaniel. "Man the ropes. Pull her further in; it's too deep here."

This was done—the half-emptied boat readily yielding.

"Let her rest there. We'll have her up in a minute."

She was now within easy reach of his arms, without covering his head, and he appeared to be laboring vigorously under the water.

Suddenly he rose upright, his wet, half-naked body, glistening in the sunshine, his two arms holding aloft a large, flat stone.

"The last, my hearties!" he cried. "There she dips!" And with his full strength, he flung the heavy stone twenty feet outward into the river.

"Now, pull hard," he continued, "and we'll have her above water."

They obeyed—the emptied craft readily moved, and in a minute the gunwales of a boat appeared above the surface.

"Her timbers are sound," said the diver. "Bail her. We'll have her afloat in a jiffy."

Grasping a scoop himself, and seconded by the others, the water was hurled in a stream from the boat, which soon rode buoyantly upon the surface. The drag had slipped beneath it, and still held firmly to its keel.

It needed not the name upon the stern, washed of its mud by the man in the water, to reveal the Speedy to those present. Most of them had seen her before, and easily recognized her build.

Hiram sprang at once into the empty boat, heedless of the mud and water which rested in her bottom.

With groping hands he searched her from stem to stern, exploring under the thwarts, and beneath the stern and bow platforms. From the latter he drew a small, muddy article, from the former a large bunch of some substance, also disguised with mud.

The water beside the boats afforded a ready means of getting rid of this disfiguring material. After a minute's vigorous washing, he held his larger prize up to view, a bunch of linen which opened out into the proportions of a man's shirt.

The other article was subjected to the same process, and he found his prize to consist of a piece of parchment or paper, torn in a ragged manner, and the writing on it so faded as to be almost illegible.

Meanwhile Robert Merivale had snatched up the fallen shirt, and was closely examining it.

"See here, Mr. Long!" he cried, in intense excitement. "This nails the murderer!"

He pointed, too strongly affected for further speech, to some faint black marks on the waistband of the shirt.

"Henry Ogden!" cried the detective, reading aloud the criminating name.

The cries which arose were as various as were the characters of the persons assembled. All caught, as by inspiration, the full sense of this exciting discovery, and a feeling of anger against the discovered murderer sprang up in their minds.

Each felt that he had had an important part in the discovery, and the very excitement of their search aided in arousing this revengeful feeling.

The boat was towed rapidly to the wharf at Smithville, where she was fastened among the others, the party landing amidst a deputation of all the inhabitants.

Hiram and Merivale took charge of the figure-head and the other articles, proceeding to the small inn of the village.

The next action of the detective was to examine the texture of the shirt bosom, with a small pocket microscope which he carried with him.

"I have him!" he cried exultingly. "It's the murderer's shirt. Here's where the pin was fastened, and here the shirt is ravelled by tearing it out. Henry Ogden is the murderer of his uncle, as sure as the sun is over our heads!"

This was an unwonted degree of excitement in the usually cool officer, but the complete realization of his long-entertained idea gave full warrant for it.

"And this I take to be the balance of the will," said Robert, who had been examining the parchment. "It must have been jerked from the murderer's hand and flouted under the bow."

His remarks were received with increasing excitement. The watermen refused to accept the pay which Hiram proffered them for their services. They felt themselves already more than paid.

An hour from that time Hiram Long, backed by a sturdy deputation of the fishermen, laid his hand on the shoulder of Henry Ogden, at the gate of Glendale, arresting him for the murder of his uncle.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A RECAPITULATION.

Hiram Long, the disguised fugitive Robert Merivale, and the executors of the Glendale estate, were assembled in Mr. Blackstone's office, for the purpose of attempting to decipher the recovered fragment of the will. It had been cleaned as carefully as possible, and it was found that though the writing was greatly faded and blurred, it was still legible in parts of the document, and might possibly be made out entirely, or nearly enough to arrive at the wishes of the testator.

The arrest of Henry Ogden was not yet known to the two old gentlemen executors, they having failed to notice its publication in the morning papers.

Mr. Blackstone was strongly affected by the sudden change in the outlook of his client's case. The newly-discovered evidence cleared him of all complicity in the murder, and so completely that no jury would hesitate a moment in giving a verdict in his favor.

They were several hours occupied over the fragment of parchment, gradually deciphering word after word, until, despite occasional omissions, the meaning of the original document became plainly evident.

And this meaning was one that greatly surprised them, placing the whole matter in an unexpected light, and raising up an heir in a totally unlooked-for quarter. So far as they could decipher it—some of the omissions being filled in by the words that appeared necessary—it read as follows:

"I, James Ogden, of Philadelphia, County of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me at any time heretofore made. I dispose of such estate as it has pleased God to entrust me with as follows:

"I give and bequeath to my dear ward, Marie Dubois, all the personal property of which I die possessed, with the exceptions below recited."

Here followed a schedule of stocks and of moneys otherwise invested, followed by several minor bequests to servants and personal friends. This part of the document was in a very illegible state, but the executors were already aware of the full condition and extent of the estate. It continued:

"I give, devise and bequeath the remainder of my estate, consisting of all the real estate of which I die possessed, including my dwelling-house of Glendale, with all its contents, and with the lands adjoining, my coal lands in Schuylkill County of this State, and the houses owned by me in the city of Philadelphia, the documents appertaining to which are in the possession of my attorney, to the immediate descendant of Joseph Ogden, only brother of my grandfather, William Ogden, if such descendant can be found within five years from the date of my demise. The aforesaid Joseph Ogden emigrated to America in 1788, since which date all trace of himself or of his descendants has been lost, and I charge it upon my executors that they make diligent search for this immediate descendant, if there be any such in existence, by freely advertising, and by every other available means.

"There is a peculiar family jewel, which fell to this branch of the family, and which may serve as a clue to the identity of the aforesaid descendant. It consists of a diamond of much value, held in a breast-pin of gold, wrought in the shape of the serpent known as the Cobra de Capello."

Here followed a more minute description of the jewel, proving it, beyond a doubt, identical with that possessed by Robert Merivale. Those present looked at each other with significant glances. Each caught the full meaning of this strange circumstance. The jewel described had been found firmly clasped in the hand of the murdered man, and the last possessor had been the murderer.

The remaining portion of the will was much dilapidated. It consisted of that portion from which the fragment already in possession of the executors had been torn, and furnished a few words, making the sense of that fragment more complete. It now read, with those additions, as follows:

"In the event of this heir not being found within the prescribed time, I give, devise and bequeath the above-named real and personal property to my nephew, Henry Ogden, to be his without reservation, except that should the above-named party * * * * his identity * * * the ten years next succeeding, one half the value * * * * * * revert to him, * * * * my executors to hold in trust, * * * * investing my nephew, Henry Ogden, with the rents and interest thereof, but not to sell or otherwise dispose of * * * * * * *."

There followed the appointment of executors, the signature, and the subscription of witnesses to the signing of the important document.

"What are we to think of this strange will, and the no less strange circumstances attending it?" asked the eldest of the executors, after a pause in which they had simply looked at each other, without venturing to speak. "The jewel described is evidently that which is the principal witness against the murderer. What follows? Has the heir himself committed this murder?"

"No," said Hiram. "The facts attending the will itself prove that. The stealing of the will shows a desire to possess the property. Would he then so carefully have concealed the portion that gave him possession?"

"I doubt if it was purposely concealed," said Mr. Blackstone. "If so, it would have been under the stern with the shirt, instead of in the bow."

"Just my idea," replied Hiram. "I fancy it fell in the struggle, and was carried into that position by the wind. I gave the other view of the case simply to cover an alternative. However, we are satisfied as to the criminal without such evidence."

"Whom do you charge?" asked the executor, who was not yet aware of the occurrences of the previous day.

"Henry Ogden."

The executor started to his feet in surprise.

"What is your evidence?" he asked, excitedly. "This charge seems to me most preposterous."

"I will tell you, sir, as briefly as possible," replied the detective, "and leave you to decide whether or not the charge is clear against him. There is no need to detail any of the circumstances of the murder. You are fully aware of them all. The only evidences found in the room were the handkerchief and jewel of Robert Merivale, and the fact of the disappearance of the will. The entrance of Mr. Merivale with a portion of this will in his hand added to the presumptions against him. On the jewel were some small ravellings of linen, which clung to it when torn from the shirt. In the bank of the river was a clear impression of the bow of a boat, of which I took a plaster cast, and found it to represent an unusual figure."

"That is a fair statement of the case," said the executor.

"The fact of the presence of this boat would probably have cleared Mr. Merivale, had he allowed the trial to continue. He was known to have been in the grounds the whole evening. The boat could not be traced to him. The marks confirmed his story, as the footsteps of two persons were found, one agreeing with the measure of his boots. There was also an impression of a falling body in the bank, and mud on his clothes and feet, all of which agreed with his account. The possession of a portion of the will, rudely torn, was also secondary evidence of a struggle."

"Very true," said Mr. Blackstone. "And I would have cleared him had he not been frightened into his ill-advised escape."

"To proceed," continued the detective. "The threads on the jewel were negative evidence in his favor, as they were of a different texture from his shirts. But despite these favorable points no sufficient proof could be adduced against any other party. I acknowledge that I suspected Henry Ogden from the first. His being the only party benefited by the murder induced me to watch him. His actions during the investigation, and the fact of his previous disreputable life, and of his standing on bad terms with his uncle, confirmed me, to some degree, in this idea. There was another circumstance, which has not yet been adverted to, which cleared Merivale in my opinion, and bore heavily on Ogden. This was the circumstance concerning the will. It seemed to have been taken from its receptacle by the deceased himself. Otherwise the murderer would not have had it in his possession, as he had not time between the cry of the murdered man, and the entrance of the servants, to take the key from his pocket, search his secret drawer, extract the will, replace the key in his pocket—a most unlikely circumstance—and escape without sight or sound of him being heard."

"I had that point detailed to my address to the jury," said Mr. Blackstone.

"Now, it is exceedingly unlikely that the man he had quarrelled with would creep into his room, surprise him in the strange act of examining his will, slay him on the spot, and escape with this will, which it would have been to his benefit to leave alone, as I will yet show."

"Proceed, Mr. Long. Your analysis is very interesting," said the executor.

"With Henry Ogden the case would be different. His uncle had quarrelled with him, and might wish to let him see that he had disinherited him, or at least made him heir only in the event of the complete disappearance of the first-named heir. This is not an improbable supposition, and would afford an incitement to the murder, in the hope of the nephew to possess himself of and destroy this adverse will. Mr. Merivale's story that he had obtained the portion of the will he held during his struggle with an unknown boatman, chimes in with and adds a double force to my supposition."

"Very true," sententiously replied Mr. Blackstone.

During this interview thus far Robert Merivale had not spoken. He sat back by the window, listening with intense eagerness to all that passed, but disinclined to take any part, and fully confiding in the completeness of his disguise to save him from suspicion. He felt there was little fear of that, however, after having spent more than a day in company with the keen-sighted officer without being discovered.

"Is it strange, then," continued Hiram, "that I was strongly inclined to believe in the nephew's guilt? The threads on the jewel did not seem identical with any

of his wearing apparel, but the measure of his boots did agree with the footmarks of the unknown man. I had him watched then with the utmost closeness, all his haunts examined, all his companions interviewed. Yet so keen was he that I learned nothing positive through months of watching. I only discovered that he had possessed a boat, won by fraud from one of his companions. This boat had no figure in the bow, and it had disappeared. One point in his favor, and one against him. No boat could be found, within miles of the city, answering to that required. Another question was how, on my theory of the murder, did the jewel pass from Mr. Merivale's to Henry Ogden's hands. There was a story of a robbery by one Dusky Sol, but the facts given to prove it were only circumstantial, and there was no evidence of connection between this man and Henry Ogden."

"That about finishes the negative side of the case. Am I not right?" said Mr. Blackstone.

"Very nearly so. This man was searched for without effect. The escape of Mr. Merivale complicated the matter, and gave the detective force, for a time, its hands full of work. That Ogden had a confederate in the city, who kept him posted on all dangerous points, I was satisfied, though I have not yet succeeded in discovering any such person. I imagine it may have been this same Dusky Sol."

"Very possibly," said the executor. His companion had continued silent throughout.

"Now the evidence begins to grow more positive," said Hiram. "Mr. Brace here, who is interested in the case as a friend of Mr. Merivale, succeeded in doing that which had baffled the police, in discovering Dusky Sol. He charged the latter person with the murder, laid bare the chain of evidence against him, startled him by an exhibition of the jewel, but failed to elicit from him a confession of his connection with the affair. Under my advice he left him apparently free, but we kept on his track, conjectured that he would seek a conference with Ogden, and, in short, succeeded in overhearing them in such a conference. It was plainly charged by Dusky Sol, in our hearing, that he had sold Ogden the stolen jewel, and clearly admitted by him that he had possessed such a boat, which, as his hints indicated, he had sunk."

"This is getting decidedly interesting," said the second executor, now first speaking. "The chase is growing close."

"Meanwhile," continued Hiram, "we had discovered, partly through Miss Dubois, but chiefly through Mr. Brace, that a certain carpenter in Smithville had made the figure-head of the boat for Henry Ogden. Since then this carpenter has left the village and gone to California, at the instigation, and under the pay, as we suppose of Henry Ogden. His shop has been searched, and we have found there a model of the figure, which he had acknowledged having made for Mr. Brace. Dusky Sol was arrested on the charge of murder, and has been frightened into a full confession of his part in the affair. He acknowledges having stolen the jewel, and claims to have sold it to Henry Ogden, a person with whom he had had dealings before. He claims to have had no knowledge of its connection with the murder, and that he only learned of this since his arrest. This claim we are free to believe as much of as we see fit. He clears up, also, another mysterious affair. He was the agent who arranged and assisted the escape of Robert Merivale, and who concealed him from the officers, and in this he claims to have been acting as the agent of Henry Ogden."

"Why what possible object could Ogden have had, on your theory of the matter, in arranging this escape?" asked Mr. Blackstone, in an excited voice.

"Two objects, sir, one creditable to him, the other discreditable," said Hiram. "The first would be a spasm of conscience at seeing an innocent man likely to suffer for his crime, and a wish to save him without imperilling himself."

"And the second?" asked the executor.

"The second would be a fear that the defence would not only clear the accused, and thus place the detectives on other scents, but might elicit something bearing dangerously on himself. The prisoner free for a while would give him fuller time to get rid of all proof against himself, and also produce a feeling against the fugitive, which might convict him if arrested and again tried."

"And to which of these theories do you incline?" asked the lawyer.

"Facts exist in proof of the second," said Hiram. "Dusky Sol declares that he paid him to go West, and the carpenter we know to have been aided to emigrate to California. These matters arranged, Ogden placed the police on the track of Merivale, but unluckily for himself, just one day too late. The fugitive had left his hiding-place. Since then, by a skill at concealment which does great credit to his talent, he has kept out of reach, and is still at liberty." He turned a half glance toward Robert, over whose face passed a flitting smile. The speaker continued, without pausing—

"The boat was now the thing wanted. Mr. Brace and I undertook to find it. I need not now repeat our mode of operations. The result is the important consideration. The boat was found, was discovered to have been carefully sunk, its figure-head was identical with the cast in our possession, in it was discovered this very important fragment of the will, which clearly sustains Mr. Merivale's story, and finally, and most important, it contained a shirt, marked plainly with the name of Henry Ogden. This shirt has been subjected to microscopic examination, and is found to be identical in texture with the threads found on the jewel. Add to this the fact that it is slightly torn at the point in which the jewel would be worn, and a few threads are loosened and torn out from this rent place. Do you not think we have proof enough to hang Henry Ogden?"

"Yes, decidedly," said Mr. Brown, the executor who had chiefly spoken. "A very marked case against a man whom I never dreamed of suspecting, though I must say I was not favorably impressed with him."

"I have not finished yet. William Bristol, the man from whom he obtained the boat, has been examined, and the serious nature of the case laid open to him. He has declared that he would have nothing to do with aiding a murderer to escape justice, and that he recognizes the jewel as one he saw Henry Ogden wear just previous to the murder. He has also given us the name of another of his companions, who makes the same statement."

"A very lucid and full case indeed," said Mr. Brown, somewhat excited by the remarkable change in the state of the affair, so far as his previous acquaintance with it went. "What action do you design taking?"

"Henry Ogden is already in prison awaiting trial for the murder of his uncle," said Mr. Blackstone.

"Certainly this changes the state of the whole matter, so far as our duty is concerned," said Mr. Johnson, the second executor. "We have now to discover the real heir of this estate, who, as their seems reason to believe, is identical with this fugitive from justice. Where shall we find him?"

"Here!" said a clear voice behind them.

Turning with the utmost surprise, they found the speaker to be the assumed soldier, who had been addressed as Mr. Brace.

He now stood erect, gazing calmly toward them, and to all appearance the coolest man there.

"You!" cried Mr. Blackstone, looking keenly at him. "Do you claim to be Robert Merivale?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The speaker turned momentarily from them. When he again faced them his whiskers had disappeared, and the dark curly hair of Robert Merivale replaced the light wig he had worn. The lawyer recognized his client at a glance.

"It is I, Robert Merivale, that stand before you," he continued, "a fact which one of you can confirm, as he well knew it before."

"What do you mean?" asked Hiram, quietly.

"Simply that you have known me all through our late investigations. I am now very sure that you were not deceived, and I thank you for your forbearance in leaving me in possession of my freedom until our task was finished."

"I would have been a wise officer indeed to have arrested one sharper than myself at my own business, and who has pulled the case through difficulties which baffled me."

"What have you to say to this, Mr. Blackstone?" said Robert triumphantly. "You doubted my ability to find Dusky Sol."

"I doubt nothing you undertake in future in the way of hiding and finding," said the lawyer.

"But what is your object in thus revealing yourself?" asked Mr. Brown.

"To throw myself on the mercy of the court. The sole object of my flight was for the purpose of discovering the evidence in my favor, which I knew was in existence. Mr. Long and I have fully succeeded in this task; and now that I have cleared my good name of the charge of murder, I am ready to endure any penalty which the court may inflict."

"The penalty will be a light one, under the very unusual circumstances of this case," said Mr. Blackstone. "I know the judges sufficiently well to know that they will take all these facts into consideration. I can promise you that you will be admitted to a light bail, and that no criminal prosecution will be pushed against you. You may consider yourself virtually free."

"I agree with you in that, Mr. Blackstone," said Hiram.

"And now concerning the will," said Mr. Johnson. "How came you in possession of that jewel?"

"It is a family relic, descending straight to me from my great-grandfather, Joseph Ogden," said Merivale.

"Prove that and you are heir to the Ogden estate," cried Mr. Brown excitedly.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)

## A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE.

BY BULAH BUNN.

We are convinced, if we did not make the discovery, that Solomon was a wise man, and fully realized the effect of cheerfulness, or he would never have said "A glad countenance doeth good, like a medicine." Who has not experienced this truth? When we meet a long-visaged, sour-faced man or woman, do we feel the better for it? But, on the contrary, if a cheery face journeys by our side, our load is lighter, the distance is shortened, for the "pillar of light" is leading us through *our* wilderness.

There is an old adage which runs something after this fashion—"Curses, like chickens, come home to roost;" just as truthfully may it be said of frowns and sour looks. Would we have a happy "Harvest-home," we must scatter our smiles broad-cast, as our bountiful Father sends the glorious sunshine and the generous rain, upon the "just and on the unjust," and the happy effect will surely return to gladden our own hearts.

An impure fountain cannot send forth a clear, bubbling spring. Just as our hearts are, so will be our countenance; for it is a sure index of the emotions of the soul. I know it is said, "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain," but the counterfeit can easily be detected from the real, for it is not the cheerful countenance that doeth good like a medicine. The smile of the villain blights all that is fair, and consumes all upon whom it falls. If our hearts are filled with charity, purity, and all things that are lovely, our faces will reflect our inner feelings, and we will possess the countenance of which Solomon speaks. While, if we are members of the croaking family, everything shrouded in gloom, not enjoying present good for fear of future evil, closing our eyes to the beauties in nature, in Providence and in grace, then we always find enough to murmur about, to find fault with, our faces will portray our unhappy condition, and we will lack the beauty of a cheerful countenance.

Few lives are so dark but some time the world is full of brightness and sunshine to them, and they feel with Rutherford, that "the miles to Heaven are few and short," they are full of smiles and love for all mankind. When lo! the sun is hid behind a cloud and all is desolate; their hearts' gladness is gone, and they are gloomy-looking as ever, their faces reflecting no hidden joy, but its secret sorrow, for every heart has its own special trial which the world knows not of, and it is on one of these dark days that it is sure to betray itself. But why should it? What if our road is uneven and lined with thorns, does it better our condition to look sad and forlorn? Look for the flowers, for "many an one is born to blush unseen," only because we crush it beneath our feet, in our eagerness to grasp the thorns. Like—

> "In olden times for secret sin,
> For friend's, for love's, for honor's loss,
> Men girt them with a cruel cross—
> Sharp nails or thorns its sides embrace,
> And thrust them in the tender skin.
>
> "So you caress your sorrow's cross,
> Which girdled close with anxious art,
> Sharp anguish thrusts within your heart;
> You joy to feel its ache and smart,
> Nor from you will its torture toss."

Look heavenward! "The sky is cloudless overhead, and God is over all." Let us be thankful for our many undeserved mercies, then we will have a cheerful spirit, and our faces will be radiant with smiles. Smiles for young and old, rich and poor. It is but a little thing to do; but who can measure the good a smile may do. The little child will be the happier and better for it. The middle-aged, burdened with the cares of life, need it as they toil up the mountain height, it will shorten the distance and make their step lighter. The aged need it, for in us they are living over their lives, now so near the close; then in their "evening time" light will be reflected upon their path from our cheerful countenance.

## "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."

BY SPHINX.

"Is love foolish then?" said Lord Bollingbroke. "Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton. "It makes a man think more of another than himself; I know not of a greater proof of folly!"—*Devereux.*

My Lord and Lady Carruthers sat, as they had been sitting the entire afternoon, in most absolute silence. My lord was dozing over the "London Times," though his nephew George would have lost all probability of a future seat in Parliament had he *convinced* my lord of the fact. It was getting dreadfully stupid for George, here in the lonely suburb of Aston, and he secretly wondered how many more days would elapse before the gouty old gentleman would start him in the world. I don't know, dear friend, that it is to be regretted that George did not despise himself or that he pleasantly consoled himself this dull November day with the verdict of the opposite mirror, i. e., that country air and seasonable hours were rather aiding and abetting his natural tendency to good looks. He glanced rather restlessly though at my lady, who in her tasteful elderly costume, was calmly knitting and wearing what Dickens would term: "An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue."

George betook himself to the window looking out on the park, and drummed an irritated accompaniment to a new opera air. Presently, hisstartled: "Egad! here's a young girl getting out of a carriage!" aroused the baronet, who awoke with a violent start and grunt, ejaculating something very like "Damn it!"—then coughed apologetically, and walked over to the window in a color of apoplectic annoyance.

"Ah—Elsie Bardsley!—and confound it! (to his lady) what *are* we going to do with her?"

"My love!" said his wife, dropping a stitch and taking it up again reproachfully.

"My wife's niece—she's going to live with us—American girl—a wild Indian maybe—been with her uncle in London a couple of years though," he added as if that period had probably civilized her. "Say, what's to be done with her?" said the irate old lord.

"We—a—leave it—to—a—time to prove, my dear—we are all creatures of circumstances," she added, changing needles and languidly pursuing another row of purple after the gray.

George saw that she had on a waterproof, this unknown young lady, standing in the rain paying the driver—and, oh! how he did hate water-proofs! Besides, women should never be out in the rain, mused the refined George—it was unbecoming to them, he told himself.

He changed his mind, however, when she opened the door and came in—waterproof and all—with her hair all out of curl, her cheeks fresh as wild-roses drenched in April showers, her eyes eager, bright, and dangerous rather, he thought as she glanced at him interrogatingly.

But what a reception.

"There—there—that'll do!" said the gouty lord in response to her kiss, "and, dear—do not come near me now till—a ('one! two! three' over new stitches) you remove your damp clothing. Mr. Carruthers—Miss Bardsley—now go, dear. Janet will take care of you, I dare say." And quick as a flash Elsie Bardsley had gone out of the room. A slight improvement in the programme, George thought, as he straightened his collar and blue tie, and thanked his stars his nose was straight, his locks rather blonde and wavy, and his shoulders broadly proportionate to his height.

The new arrival commenced operations by being decidedly late for supper—at eight. Really! thought George, she is going to carry things with rather a high hand for a "wild Indian," an "American," etc. The butler even grinned when the young lady serenely entered a full quarter of an hour after they had been at the table, and was seated behind the wax candle, directly opposite George. The latter was amazed to find her complexion so *very* dark—just the kind of a girl to look sallow by daylight, he thought; but then he admitted that she certainly was rather striking at present. In a soft, rich black silk, she looked considerably older and taller; and then with her French lace Elizabethan ruff, she looked decidedly queenly; and with her high puffs and little ringlets, she was a French picture altogether, (he regretted to observe.) I say *regretted*, because George prided himself upon his critical view of women in general, and he did not quite *know how* to begin to criticize this new-comer.

Perhaps one reason was that she did not give him a very good chance of coolly regarding her. Elsie's eyes were not of the downcast style George approved of, no—they saw everything and everybody; caught every stray glance, and not unfrequently gave it a home-thrust; they refused to be looked into or upon. They denied admittance to her mysterious thoughts; they checked, reproved, restrained, criticized, approved or condemned. They were the supreme judges of the supreme court of *her* intellect. Consequently George hadn't a chance for a mental verdict just yet. To sustain his dignity in the meantime, he made certain observations he deemed conversation, thusly:

"An agreeable change from London, Miss Bardsley!"

But Elsie hated home satire, so she replied in fearful simplicity (!)—

"A horribly disagreeable one, I suppose you are trying to infer—yes, very!"

Then *she, too,* was going to feel bored. On the strength of this unexpected line of sympathy, he embarked magnificently into the phrase—

"Society here is fractionally divided up into boroughs!"

"You'll see as many people as you want to see, sir, if you go to 'The Meet' to-morrow, George Carruthers," interrupted the baronet in high-bred reproof.

"Yes, sir, that's what I meant to intimate, that society here is reached by rail or on horseback."

"You made no mention, sir, of horses *or* carriages—*mine,* I *trust,* are still in use!" returned the lord of the manor in freezing dullness.

George shot an optic dart at Elsie, who flashed a queer quiver of amusement back.

"Do you ever join the hunt, Miss Bardsley?" he asked, after a short, establishing cough.

"Would you have me break my neck?" she returned, "when I may be a miserable horsewoman."

"Most American women are," he rejoined.

"I know," she said; "they excel, I believe, in other points."

"*What,* for instance?" said George incredulously.

"Dancing, skating, etc.; they are more agile you know; your English women are fearfully heavy!" she resumed with a shrug of her shoulders. That speech sounded so much like a man that George smiled slyly.

After they had all retired to the parlor, the young gentleman sat down beside her in a patronizing way observing, "Well, I'll drive you over to the Meet Wednesday morning—by the way, uncle, where is it to be?"

"At Templeton's meadow," said my lord, briefly.

"Well then, I suppose, Brandon will be there. They say," he continued, turning to Elsie, "that he is the best rider in the country."

"Ah?"

"Yes, well I'll see about getting you over there," he concluded, as she was making excuses for retiring early on account of the fatigue incurred by her journey.

When Wednesday morning came George seemed to have forgotten his intention of expressing "This little American novelty" (as he called her to his stray companions) over there, when all of a sudden he looked in upon her.

"By the way, Miss Elsie, shall I have the horses put in for you that you may ride over after me?"

Having no notion of sitting still in the grand carriage without any chaperone, it being not exactly according to her "American" ideas, she said—

"Oh, I'll probably see several more fox-hunts during the season, it is hardly worth while for me to go now," and went on reading.

George was rather grateful to her than otherwise, he would have to keep an eye on her he thought, and besides if she was no horsewoman she would hardly be able to appreciate his presence in the saddle, and it was just as well.

He had not been gone ten minutes when Clinton Brandon drove up. Elsie came forward to the window.

"Will you go over with me to the Meet?" he said, raising his cap.

"Ride?"

"Yes."

"What horse?" said she.

"Here is my groom with 'Restless,' just coming in the gateway now."

"I'll be ready in five minutes;" down went the window. Elsie sped past her aunt in the hall. "Am going to the Meet with Mr. Brandon."

"Will George like that, my dear?" was Lady Carruthers' mild query.

"Couldn't say."

"Where is Mr. Brandon staying?"

"Forsyth's manor."

"Did he come out from London for the purpose?" but her niece was nowhere within hearing.

At half past ten when the whole party were ready to start, the hounds baying and the bugles sounding, Clinton Brandon and a lady were seen cantering toward them—they had just given him up, consequently they looked with some curiosity at the lady for whose sake he had been late.

"By Jove!" exclaimed George Carruthers, "what hardihood! Elsie Bardsley as I am alive!"

They all seemed to know her very well, for they bowed and smiled. But George was not going to let her make a fool of herself. No indeed! so he rode forward anxiously, totally oblivious of the smiles of welcome awaiting her. He nodded pityingly to Clinton Brandon, and said to Miss Bardsley—

"Is not this a very hazardous attempt, Miss Elsie?"

"For some people I dare say it is!" she answered.

"Allow me to advise you to go home. These ladies ride so well, I'm afraid it will be rather—rather awkward for an American—you know!"

She patted the black stallion's neck, and smiled *very* slightly, and if anything, *inattentively,* George thought.

"Brandon, will you take the lead?" said several voices.

George, who now began to feel a sort of interest in this indifferent forty-second cousin of his, resolved magnanimously to give up all his own enjoyment of the hunt in riding by her side, which would soon be (he had no doubt) in the *rear* of the party. He seemed suddenly to have forgotten that her attendant, Mr. Brandon, was, in his own language, "the best rider in the country."

At the first sound of the horn, Elsie's horse reared, and tossed his handsome ebony neck in lofty scorn, and flattened back his small, shining ears with a headstrong diablerie, that made George wince for her safety. But his rider ignored this little surplus careering round completely, and sat erect; her scarlet hunting-jacket fitting her closely, her not very long hair flying in the breeze, crowned by the most triangular-looking hat with a short scarlet wing buckled high upon the left side. All the other ladies had on high beavers, with veils tied loosely around them. George was so vexed at her quiet daring, that he lost the effect of the insouciant face, and jaunty hat altogether—so he took his place sullenly behind the leaders, and they started.

The first couple were in a second across the meadow, and had cleared a fence in a jiffy. George rode like wild to catch up, and the three horses were soon neck and neck; then Brandon gained, then Elsie. George, in hot pursuit, called out—

"You know how to ride, I see; but look out! A hunt is vastly different from anything else!"

But his words were caught by Lady Atherton. Elsie Bardsley was out of sight. The next view he had of her, was when she was clearing a brook. But the fox made a tour de combat, and in the sudden change of direction, Brandon and Elsie came tearing by George Carruthers, who was now cantering in a gracefully ill-used manner."

Later, when Brandon was pronounced the victor, George said to Lady Atherton—

"He has taken a great responsibility upon himself to-day—it is more by good luck than good management, that Miss Bardsley is uninjured."

"My dear George," said Lady Atherton, familiarly, "what on earth are you talking about? Elsie Bardsley is the best huntress among us! Why, at Grafton Moor, she bore off the fox's tail before we ladies were within a quarter of a mile of her! Besides—can't you see for yourself, how she sits the saddle?"

He *did* see *now!* and also what an egregious fool he had been—so there was little else to do but gnaw his mustache desperately. He relieved his feelings subsequently by an effort at freezing Clinton Brandon, who was really too fatigued and overheated to feel a passing breeze, so the party partook of a collation, and reached their respective homes at two o'clock.

Elsie and Lady Carruthers talked so familiarly about previous hunts, at dinner, that George felt himself decidedly ill-used. He never mentioned the events of the morning, nor did Elsie; but when the groom came for "Restless," in the afternoon, he condescended to observe that he was "a beauty, and well-trained."

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I have never ridden any other horse since my arrival in London. Mr. Brandon is always kind enough to lend him to me."

Two or three days after, when she had been exerting herself to enliven them all, he said, "I hope I did not offend you the other morning?"

"Oh, no—I thought it was very kind in you to take an interest in my undertaking," she replied, good-naturedly.

It then struck George that "it *was* very kind"—yes, it *was!* he might not have had *anything* to do with her *at all,* after her refusal to go over in the carriage that morning! He began to appreciate himself as he had never done before.

"My uncle is urging me to leave here soon for Munich on business for him. It is a great nuisance, this travelling on business," he said confidentially and by way of getting upon more comfortable ground.

"You can get some pleasure out of it, if you choose," she answered, sharpening a pencil very carefully.

"That shows how little you Americans really know about travelling. You come over here with ideal visions of Europe; and with no other thought than to enjoy yourselves, you spend all your money here, consequently get all you want, and go home imagining yourselves to have found an Arcadia in the old world."

"And you could not visit America with the same enthusiasm?"

"Certainly not—an Englishman visit *America* with enthusiasm!"

"Well, then, you can hardly blame *us* for our Arcadian notions," she replied, putting a very fine point on her pencil, and wearing an indescribable grimace of forbearance.

"Pshaw!" said he hastily, "you do not get at my idea at all."

"It is evident that I do not," she returned in a quietly inquiring glance that disconcerted him at once.

"We Englishmen find it difficult to make you Americans understand our style of doing things."

"Yes, that seems to have been a difficulty existing since the American Revolution, I believe!" And the point of that slender pencil-tip cracked, snapped like a miniature burlesque of a bullet, but she cut away patiently at it, in real Yankee "if at first you don't succeedism," and he was twisting the ends of that well-cultivated mustache most off with annoyance.

"The fault in you," he continued, ignoring the last specimen of grape-shot, "is the persistence of your race—you never take any hints on the subject of travelling or anything else."

"I believe different nations never do, without a declaration of war first, do they?" she laughingly asked.

"I don't see why you need harp so continually on *political* differences?" he snapped, unguardedly.

"And *I* don't see why you *will* harp so continually upon *social* differences!" she returned, excited; but cooling almost instantly, she said: "But what has all this to do with your departure?"

Now that was just like a woman—as if *that* was not the *main* point, and here was she asking it, as if they had not been considering *that all* along!

The luncheon-bell here interrupted their unsatisfactory discourse, and the fag-ends of the subject remained like many others in tangled confusion. Days went by, and Elsie played chess with George, played croquet with George, made one at whist in the evenings; she rode and walked with him, and was really desirable, he felt, to his life in a London suburb; and then the acknowledgment of her difference from the all-of-one-pattern-ladies he had been accustomed to was beginning to creep over him. The last day of his stay was come. After breakfast, he helped her gather some chrysanthemums, and he really pitied her as he thought how lonely she would be after his departure! So he said compassionately:

"Miss Elsie, write to me if you are *very* much overcome with ennui. I don't know whether I'll have time to-morrow, but write nevertheless!"

Oh, if he had only turned and caught that look of satirical gratitude, but he missed it during his complacent reflections. "I expect you won't see anything of Brandon till the next hunt—he generally neglects the society of women at other times!"

"What can be the reason?" she asked, demurely.

"Oh, lack of interest, I suppose," George replied, in sublime consideration.

He departed; but Elsie did not write, and he admired her all the more for it.

"She is really deeper in love with me than I thought," he said to himself, after he had been absent some four months. Then he dropped her a line, but the reply was so distant and shy, that he got warmed up into dispatching four more epistles. He was now convinced she was the wife for him, there was every possibility of her doing him credit; besides she had a faculty of making people appear to the best advantage, and he was accustomed to being viewed in the rosiest light imaginable.

Well, when he returned he meant to propose. The morning after his most august arrival he recognized "the hour and the man." Elsie Bardsley, in her warm crimson morning costume, was feeding her birds in the low window. Her general elegance was never more apparent. She had a certain careless grace in doing things lightly, quickly, without distracting the attention (a faculty, by the way, which few people possess), she did not disturb George's equilibrium by any very low twittering to the canaries, she merely idly tantalized the most mischievous bird with a bit of chickweed, and graciously waited with her eyes on George to find out *what* he was so profoundly prefacing. She never imitated people, yet their mood seldom governed hers. She played no subordinate parts, but rather roles of genial forbearance. You felt yourself if you were ill-humored, annoyedly indebted to her; if good natured, admirably grateful. With George it was invariably the former, increasingly so just now; but he was valiant, and consequently came on the field boldly wrapped in a mantle of martial self-control.

While he was blandly laying before her *his* intentions concerning *herself,* the door opened, and Clinton Brandon entered, and passed to the bow window, saying: "Elsie, where are those pearls I gave you two years ago; I want to have them re-set?"

She just turned very slightly, in a hinting, uncertain brilliancy of expression toward him, and he, quick as a flash, wheeled around abruptly, exclaiming: "Good morning, Mr. Carruthers!"

George bowed as composedly as a man *could* in such a position, and again glancing at Elsie, he saw that she was standing near Clinton Brandon in an especially regal pose, with a hinting, equivocal lowering of her eyelids, over those darkly immovable eyes, that could look so differently at different people. He could not accuse her of smiling, or of triumph, but he read the most reserved balancing of the two characters in her averted gaze, also the rare power of awarding an inner preference, without outward homage, before a third party. Clinton Brandon wore the same non-interfering air that he did the day of the hunt, when her stallion plunged wickedly; his hand did not touch her bridle. It was not necessary to doubt her ability any more *now* than then. What she gave, she gave royally; that Brandon knew when she had some two years before promised to become his wife, with fullest recognition of his reticent manliness, and hidden force of intense love, and deep appreciation. Notwithstanding the unexpected comprehension of Mr. George Carruthers, he departed as magnificently as he could, *astounded* at the "sang froid" of the American people as a race, and of American *women* in particular.

## A NICE YOUNG LADY.

"Ma, where are my curls, and my frizettes, and my—"

"I do not know, my daughter; why don't you take care of your things yourself?—you are so careless."

"That's always the song; I'm so careless; don't care, you've got to take care of me, and my things, too, until I'm married."

"Ah, Jane, I fear that will never be, with your hasty temper, careless ways and—"

"Pshaw, the men don't know anything about that," and she pins on her curls, her frizettes, jerks on her hat, walks out on the street, and when the young men gaze into her pretty face they think, "isn't she a nice young lady?"

"Lucy," asks Brother Tom, picking up a fan from off the table, "what are these little holes out in this fan for?" counting the little squares scattered over the articles.

"They," blushing, "why those are where I peep through at church; you know it would'nt do to let the minister see me looking across the church, so sometimes I rest my forehead upon this, then looking through the holes I can see which of my beaux are at church, and which looks at me the oftenest;" yes, and while Lucy indulges in her pious meditations behind her fan, wondering which thinks the most of her, Alfonso or Adolphus, or where she will be likely to live if she marries Henry Fitzallen, the young men as well as the minister notice her pious demeanor, and think within themselves, "she is such a nice young lady."

"Sister," says little Alice, "Mr. Hunt is in the parlor."

"Mr. Hunt!" exclaims Julia, "and who wants to see him, I'd like to know? I'm sure I don't want to sit up there and listen to his tiresome conversation, hateful old creature." But she looks into the mirror, pins a rosebud in her hair, and when she enters the parlor, her face beaming with smiles, Mr. Hunt bows, and his heart whispers "isn't she a nice young lady?"

"My daughter, what was the new minister's text this morning?" asks Mrs. Deane.

"Fiddlesticks, don't ask me about the text," says Lizzie, "I didn't hear a word of it; but, mother, the church was crowded, and we had such a well-dressed congregation. Mrs. Smith had on a beautiful brown silk suit, entirely new; Julia Carson a bran new hat; Tom Jackson was with her, dressed within an inch of his life; altogether we had a splendid-looking set." The old lady smiled, for her daughter was "such a nice young lady."

"Sallie," asks one young lady, "who are you going with on the skiff-ride to-night, Joe Smith?"

"I will go with Joe Smith," says Sallie, "if I can't go with any one else," and as no one asked her but Joe, she went with him, and Joe thought himself blessed, for she was "such a nice young lady."

DAISY BURNS.

### Woman's Sphere Enlarging.

"What can woman do?" is a query well answered by the last United States' census. Among the curious female avocations recorded in the tables, independently of women in the agricultural districts who assist in the field work, there are 43 female stock herders, 6 female apprentices to barbers, 24 women dentists, 2 female hostlers, 2 female professional hunters and trappers, 5 female lawyers, 525 female physicians and surgeons, 67 female clergymen, 2 women scavengers, 7 female sextons, 10 female "canalmen," 196 women draymen, 1 female pilot, 6 female guano laborers, 4 female gas stokers, 33 women gunsmiths, 7 female gunpowder makers, and 16 female ship-riggers. After reading these suggestive statistics, the question may be asked, "What *can't* woman do?"

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THE
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1873.

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This is the name of a Picture in Colors, that we think the public will like, which will be *given away* by the Newsdealers with Number 13 of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## PICTURE IN COLORS, GRATIS!

As our *yearly* subscribers get a Chromo, we think it only fair that those who purchase THE POST of the Newsdealers should also have some of the good things going.

Look out for more of the same sort! We are determined to surpass all our contemporaries!

## JESSIE DALE,

### THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

### The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this

### GREAT STORY,

which we shall soon commence. It relates to a

## SECRET SOCIETY,

supposed to have malevolent intentions against certain of the more prominent officers of the

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Every one will want to read it.

IT WILL BEGIN IN No. 12.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### MAKE YOUR HOMES ATTRACTIVE.

It is lamentable that thousands of homes in this western hemisphere present so little, either in their exteriors or interiors, that is inviting or attractive.

Of course we are not alluding to the homes of the rich in our land, which are exceedingly gorgeous, with gilding, fresco, velvet and lace hangings, and all the magnificence of the upholsterer's art, mingled with countless *bijouterie*, pictures and statuary, until one can hardly move about without destroying some knicknack.

But we do allude to the hundreds and thousands of homes, in both city and country, wherein there is little attempt at beauty or adornment.

To be sure, money is a scarce article, and it must be used to purchase essentials, such as daily food and needful clothing, fuel, lights, &c.

But many persons starve for æsthetic food, long for the beautiful, and eagerly cut the pictures from the illustrated papers of the day, wherewith to ornament the bare walls of their rooms.

And there is an earnest desire in their hearts to beautify their homes; and we fully believe that the desire will bring forth an effort, and the effort will effect the wished-for result. Hang a pretty chromo or handsome engraving upon your walls, and see for yourselves how much you have done toward the embellishment of the room.

The cost of the picture is trifling—perhaps but two, three or five dollars—and its effect is inestimable!

There are thousands of homes to-day, in this period of cheap pictures, etc., in which stoves, bedsteads, chairs, bureaus, washstands, lounges and tables constitute the whole furniture.

The husband or father has promised that at some "good time coming" he will add to the furnishing—will purchase pictures, mirrors, curtains—yes, and even a piano; but three, five, ten years may pass before that time arrives, and the needful money can be accumulated. Now, our advice is not to wait for that "good time," but to commence now and take the "goods the gods have provided."

In the country Dame Nature offers her treasures to all. She plants her ferns, mosses and vines in every woody dell and grassy meadow. There they grow and bloom, and are waiting for your hands to call them. On every hillside the pearly everlasting now offers its clusters of blossoms for you; by every roadside the plumy grasses await your coming. Gather a plentiful supply with which to adorn your walls, mantels and tables.

Press the ferns and vines under heavy weights, and when thoroughly dry, pin them about your casements and over the walls; and if the latter are composed of nothing but bare mortar, they will be a beauty and a glory to you, all this coming winter.

Gather the bright crimson and golden leaves of the sumach-tree, and iron them under folds of newspaper; then mingle them with the green ferns and vines upon the walls. Collect the brilliant leaves of the maples and the oaks, as they fall at your feet, and press them in the same manner; then pin them in garlands, amid the emerald hues of the ferns.

If you possess pictures and mirrors, you can beautify your surroundings still more with these gorgeous gems of the forest.

If you go into the woods for them, seek for knotty boughs of trees, and dig out a hanging basket; also for curious formations which can serve for brackets.

Beg from your friends, if you do not possess them, some cuttings of the *trades cantia zebrina*, dewplant, and the various ivies, now so popular, and start them in vials of water; and when well-rooted, plant them in a little soil where they will grow, and delight you with their verdure.

Brighten up your living rooms with these offerings of the woodlands, and thus cheat old winter of half of its severity.

Dwellers in the city can go to the public parks and squares for these natural decorations; and they can procure handsome pictures, or engravings, at a trifling expense; also, brackets, etc., which will adorn their rooms, and beautify their lives.

God scatters the beautiful all over his world; and we must seek it, if we would possess it.

Riches need not usurp it all; there is a plentiful supply for rich and for poor. It is not good taste, however, to crowd your walls with pictures, for it will often spoil the whole effect.

A small room should not be hung around with large pictures; for a room fifteen by sixteen feet, no picture should exceed twenty-five by twenty or twenty-two inches. Curtains and mirrors add greatly to the appearance of a room; and they can often be procured second-hand, but "just as good as new," and last your life-time.

Remnants of carpets can be used to cover candle or soap boxes, and with the addition of a little stuffing, and castors on the bottom, very nice ottomans can be made.

A woman's ingenuity will often aid her in adorning her surroundings. If you will but give her nails, bits of carpets and chintz, with old packing-boxes, and the like, she will manufacture lounges, ottomans, footstools, etc., which will be quite as comfortable, if not as elegant, as those your rich neighbor, across the way, has purchased for his new house at a great expense. With coarse twine, she can crochet chair-seats, which, when nailed to the frame-work of old chairs, and neatly varnished, will be handsomer than worn-out cane seats.

Thus if housewives will but exercise their wits, they can make a little money go a great way in making their homes attractive. And if any of our readers would like another chapter upon home embellishments of parlors, bed-rooms, and the like, we will gladly write it for them. Then if they will adorn themselves with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, they cannot fail to make their homes attractive to their husband, children, and friends.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

## LETTERS FROM ZIG.

### DEAD MEN'S MANTLES.

I myself never had any famous ancestors. Not a one. I'm very glad of it. I'd hate to be pointed out to folks as the son of somebody. It would be exceedingly disagreeable to be known as the degenerate descendant of somebody who was somebody, while I was a nobody, a poor noodle unworthy of my sire's renown. I'd far rather be a nobody on my own hook, than a double nobody in consequence of being the son of somebody who wasn't a nobody. It must be the most desperately exasperating and disquieting thing in nature to know that you are obliged by destiny to do some tremendous deed in order to be worthy of your ancestor—to know that people expect great things of you which you can't do. It is enough to make a body drown himself.

The unkindest cut fate can give a mortal is to make him a little man who is the son of a great man. In short, a sense of a high destiny must be a most intolerable bore and a burden.

Look you now, for instance, at that colossal pasteboard humbug, that wavering shadow of what was always a pasteboard humbug, the Throne of the Bonapartes. Her ex-majesty Eugenie says to an American lady—

"How happy my son Louis and I could be together, only that we are overwhelmed by the shadow of our great destiny. What joy for us if we could dwell together in a quiet way, as others do, and lose ourselves in the humble life of a private citizen! How happy if we could but forget the great duties which fate has laid upon us! But alas! such happiness is not for us. We must hide our private sorrows, and struggle to be worthy of our great place."

You silly, ignorant, bigoted, stupid, mistaken woman! There is no earthly necessity for you to hide your private sorrows and discomboberate yourselves over your lofty destiny. Other folks don't make themselves uncomfortable over your great destiny. The world has outgrown the Bonapartes, thank goodness, and you needn't distress yourself any more, good madam. Believe me, there is no reason in nature or revelation why you and your son Louis shouldn't enjoy yourselves and be jolly, exactly like other folks. Because you and your son Louis are very ordinary mortals, after all. Your late husband strained his little brains out to make himself over on the pattern of Old Nap the First. Who and what was Old Nap the First, pray? Was he the sort of man that you, as a respectable Christian woman, the mother of a family, would like either your husband or your son to pattern after? He was a great and wonderful military genius, who held any man's life besides his own as worth no more than a goat's, who made France a nation of widows, and nearly depopulated her of her male inhabitants. All the world knows that he was a bloodthirsty old knave who told lies when it suited him, and wasn't over nice either in his manners or morals. That's a true picture of your hero, the man who waded through blood to found the pasteboard "Throne of the Bonapartes." I wouldn't have such a throne. I assure you I wouldn't accept it under any consideration. And if I were you, madam, I would rather have my son a clean, moral, decent republican street-car driver than an emperor, if he had to sit in such a foul bloody seat as that "Throne of the Bonapartes."

Besides that, you and your puny boy couldn't fill the "Throne of the Bonapartes" if you tried. It isn't in you.

Your husband couldn't do it, you know. And it makes me real sorry for you, to see you go on pursuing the ghost of a shadow, and beating your feeble little brains out against an iron mountain, when you might be as jolly and happy as any Irish girl in our America.

I can't tell how many people I've known in my time who made themselves miserable over trying to wear dead men's mantles. It had been their misfortune to have a famous ancestor, a pilgrim father, or a wicked old duke or something, away back in the dim generations of the past, and so earthly happiness was out of the question for 'em. They strained and fretted their lives away trying to slip out of the very common-place cloak which nature had put upon them, and slip into the crushing chain armor of their great ancestor. I have known people who have nearly died of ancestors—I'm glad I hadn't any.

It does appear to me that some of the most ridiculous people on earth are those tiresome people who are descended from the folks who came over in the Mayflower. I tell you we have been in danger of being Mayflowered to death out here, more than once. Not only those individuals whose forefathers came over in the Mayflower take on airs and set themselves up as a little past common, but even people whose fore-uncles and aunts, and fore-second cousins embarked in that tiresome old ship, "double-barrel their names," as Thackeray says, and want to be thought better than the rest of us who come of honest Irish Paddy-whack blood. And some of these Mayflower descendants are the very good-for-nothingest people on the face of the earth, too. That makes it all the more aggravating, when some lean, nosey, conceited puppy demands your admiration on account of being descended from the Mayflower.

The Mayflower is a nuisance. When I come to think of some people I know, I wish the old ship had sunk.

Next to the ridiculous dunce who tries to put on a dead ancestor's mantle, the supremely silly person is that person who seeks to borrow and wear the cloak of some famous living relation. Let me tell you about another supreme dunce. I'll call the person *he*, but I won't say it was a man, and I won't say it wasn't. If you'd ask me particular who it was, I'd bite my front teeth out before I'd tell you. But this person of mine was more or less distantly kin to a famous family of live great folks. That was this person's cross. He was in a perpetual stew to do something worthy of his great kin. He couldn't do it. Nothing short of being born over again with a new set of brains would have made him able to do it. He was an uncommonly common person all around. So he fretted himself green and yellow and dyspeptic because he couldn't be a great folk too. He used to go off into the most ungodly fits of gloom, and when anybody would ask him what was the matter, was accustomed to answer tragically:

"I cannot forget that I belong to the Beecher family!"

He had got the dyspepsia over his great kin, and not very near kin, either. He was a dunce, he was. If he hadn't been distantly kin to the Beecher family, he'd have been a jolly, poke-easy, happy soul who would have filled his natural place and had a good time in the world, and never worked up his common-place brains into a froth over the impossible problem of how he'd be a Beecher too. It's a good thing we can't all be Beechers.

Bother all this foolery about famous ancestors and great kin, I say! The son of a king is very often not half as good as the son of a coal-heaver. Let everybody be the highest and best that he can, on his own responsibility, and let his ancestors go to grass. Let every tub stand upon its own bottom.

ZIG.

## Biographical Sketches.

### MADEMOISELLE RACHEL FELIX.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

When a great soldier dies, he leaves his mark on the destinies of nations, to show that he once existed; the works of an artist delight multitudes centuries after his death, and those of a poet live forever; but the inspiration of an actor or a singer flashes into the world and dies away like the light of a meteor. Napoleon left an empire, Raphael his Madonnas, Shakspeare his plays, but Rachel, perhaps the greatest tragedienne the world has ever seen, left nothing but her memory.

Genius is often conquered by circumstances; but in Rachel's case, Fate was propitious. Circumstances harnessed themselves to the car of Genius; and to the end of her life, she proved herself, as far as her art was concerned, worthy of her surname—Felix (happy).

Rachel's parents were Hebrews. Her father, of French origin, born at Metz, was a man of good education and sense, possessed of a violent temper—which he seldom exerted—and excellent taste—which was exerted often—and which had much to do with his daughter's success. In pecuniary matters neither his nor Rachel's sense of justice was particularly fine. In the Felix family, especially in Rachel, great qualities were concommitant with the most sordid manners. Abraham and Esther Felix pursued the occupation of itinerant peddlers.

Rachel, their third child, was born, according to the best authorities, in Munf, Switzerland, on the 24th of March, 1821.

For ten years the Felix family wandered in poverty from place to place. At last they settled in Paris. Esther opened an old clothes shop, Abraham taught German, while the eldest girl, Sarah, accompanied by little Rachel, sang at the cafés. The following incident laid the foundation of Rachel's brilliant career.

One evening M. Morin was seated in a café, in the Rue de la Huchette. Sarah was singing, and Rachel collecting the small contributions. Struck by the sweetness of Sarah's voice, he asked why she did not find a more agreeable and profitable way of using it. Sarah answered that she had no one to take an interest in her or counsel her how to act.

"Well," said M. Morin, "here is my address; come to me to-morrow, and I will give you a letter to a friend of mine who may be of great service to you."

The next day M. Morin gave the girls a letter of introduction to Choron, director of the Conservatoire of Sacred Music. Choron heard Sarah sing, and at once admitted her among the number of his pupils. He then turned to the meagre, wiry, elf-like little Rachel.

"And what can you do, petite?"

The child began to recite some verses with grace and feeling, but in a very gruff voice. She was, however, admitted into the conservatory, taking her place among the choristers. She studied elocution from M. St. Aulaire, and was taught gratuitously. She studied hard, but her disagreeably rough voice and her puny, unimposing exterior militated against histrionic success. Her acting, however, as the fiery little apothecary in the "*Legataire Universel*," excited the admiration of Samson, the great French actor, then at the height of his reputation. By his advice she placed herself under the direction of Provost. He caused her to learn a soubrette part in one of Regnard's comedies. This part was as well suited to Rachel as Lady Gay Spanker would be to Mrs. Siddons or Ristori. Of course her rendition of it displeased her teacher.

"Go, child, sell bouquets; that's all you will ever be fit for!" he exclaimed at the end of the lesson.

Some time after this Rachel took her revenge. Having played *Hermione* to an enthusiastic audience, she was rewarded with a shower of bouquets. Gathering these in her Grecian tunic, she approached Provost, who was behind the scenes, and said—

"Sir, you once advised me to sell bouquets. Will you now be my first customer?" With ready tact, Provost admitted that he had been a false prophet, adding that no one could be more rejoiced by it than himself.

She was engaged, before this success, however, by M. Poirson, of the *Gymnase*, who liked odd-looking people, at a salary of 3000 francs (about $600) for three years. She made a successful début on the 24th of April, 1837, in "*La Vendéenne*," written for her by Duport. All the Hebrews in Paris belonging to her father's class, rushed to witness the acting of their co-religionist, and greeted her with vociferous applause. About this time she began to grow, and several inches were added to her height. Samson procured her an engagement at the *Théâtre Français*, for the first tragic parts, at a salary of 4000 francs per year. She made her first appearance at the *Théâtre Français* on the 12th of June, 1837, as Camille in *Les Horaces*. Her features were too small for stage-effect, but when her intensely black eyes expressed passion, the effect was appalling. Practice and training had given her grace, but her figure, although it had gained in height, still lacked fulness of contour. The weather was hot, and Paris empty; the papers took no notice of the young débutante. But in the beginning of September Jules Janin, the celebrated theatrical critic, returned to Paris, and went to see Rachel act. His next feuilleton in the *Débats* was a perfect explosion of praise of the "little fright," as Rachel had been called. On the 1st of October the theatre was crammed; and it was Jules Janin who blew the first blast of the grand triumphal march that sounded from that day through Rachel's life. Although at night she represented the tragic heroines of Racine and Corneille, she condescended in daylight to less exalted occupations.

"Those who were on terms of intimacy," says Madame de B——, "remember her in the little kitchen preparing the vegetables for the *pot au feu*, chatting meanwhile with the friend who happened to look in, and now and then interrupting her culinary cares to still the noise of the younger children, over whom she exercised a maternal surveillance in the absence of the mother. In all things, from the most trifling to the most important, Rachel preserved the same quiet, grave, even dignified aspect."

Rachel and her father were rapacious, and no sooner did the management of the *Théâtre Français* make one concession than another was demanded. In 1839, the prudent Abraham insisted that his gifted daughter should receive about $12,000 per annum and various privileges. This being before the days of "starring," the management was thunderstruck. Rachel travelled through the provinces, and created furores everywhere. At Lyons the municipality presented her with a gold crown. She was one of the first to indulge in the reprehensible custom of starring. She regarded the other actors who happened to play with her as mere accessories to herself.

In 1841 she visited England. In London, as in Paris, she was admitted into the best society. The queen gave her a bracelet with the inscription, "Victoria to Mademoiselle Rachel." "My first impulse," admitted the tragedienne, "was to feel the weight of the bracelet."

Rachel's education did not extend very far beyond the technical knowledge of the stage. The play of Cleopatra was written for her; but she objected to the name of the hero, saying that something better might have been chosen than Anthony! She was charitable to members of the Hebrew race, and to her family very liberal; but her thirst for gold seemed insatiable. Rachel visited Russia, and gathered a harvest of 800,000 francs. Dazzled by the rumors of Jenny Lind's immense gains, Rachel, in 1855, started for America with the expectation of making 2,554,000 francs. She was well received in the United States, but her success was not equal to Jenny Lind's. In the first place, she had no Barnum; in the second, she spoke French in her performances, while the melodious Lind spoke the universal language of music.

It is with regret that we mention that the scandals current about this wonderful actress were not without foundation.

During Rachel's tour in the United States, the seeds of consumption germinated. She appeared in the Walnut street theatre, in this city, in November. The play was *Les Horaces*. The theatre had not been warmed, and she caught cold. This was the beginning of the end.

In Charleston, Rachel represented the death agony of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* for the last time. The touching farewell to the stage in the last scene of this drama was very appropriate, for it was Rachel's unconscious farewell.

She returned to France, where she died in the beginning of January, 1858.

Wives.—Women should know that no beauty has any lasting charm but that is ward one of the mind; and that a graceful form in their manner is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she who has these is qualified, as she ought to be, for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

☞ You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you censure and blame in others.

## DRIFT-WOOD.

Without, the day fades gray and dull,
The shadow of the tardy night
Floats dimly in the room;
Without, the chill wind and the sea—
I silent sit, but not to watch
The weird shapes in the gloom.

Ah no, the drift-wood fire shines clear,
I sit and watch the quivering flames
Leap upward to the night;
Dear love, that wood was once afloat
And tempest-tossed, but now for you
It kindles into light.

'Tis like the heart I offer you:
Once my ambition and my hopes
Went drifting like that wood,
The turn of tide did change their course,
It was the storm that flung me on
The rock, dear, where you stood.

And when your eyes looked into mine,
Beneath their warmth my waiting soul
Broke into fire and light,
But, dear, unlike this wavering flame,
The glory of my kindled life
Shall burn each hour more bright.

KITTIE.

## OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—That baby-show up in Wilkesbarre, everybody understood was started by a druggist who wanted to work off an accumulated stock of paregoric. But, however that was, Mr. Pulsifer was appointed one of the judges to distribute the prizes. His first duty was to select the best-looking baby, and while endeavoring to discharge this obligation he began with the twins belonging to a red-haired woman who sat at the end of the front bench. The mother had an arm as big as a section of stove-pipe, and she gave Mr. Pulsifer to understand from the outset that there was no necessity for him to go any further, for unless he awarded the prize to one of those fiery-headed twins his doom was sealed. Mr. Pulsifer was a small man, and he trembled as Mrs. Melloy shook her fist ferociously beneath his nose. Pulsifer then and there resolved to betray his trust and to give the prize to one of the twin Melloys without regard to appearances. The difficulty was to decide. Both were as ugly as a child could be and live, but Pulsifer after examining both carefully, informed Mrs. Melloy that he had decided to give the premium to Thomas. Mrs. Melloy instantly sprang to her feet, clenched that ominous fist, and wanted to know what he meant by excluding Jimmy. As Mr. Pulsifer could give no reason for that act, he said, "Well, then, make it Jimmy. I give Jimmy the first premium." Mrs. Melloy, however, so far from being pacified, assumed even a more threatening attitude and informed Mr. Pulsifer, that if he intended to insinuate that there was in that exhibition any better-looking child than Tommy, she would instantly reduce him to mincemeat. Pulsifer in a frenzy of bewilderment then intimated that under the circumstances it would perhaps be better to give the prize where it wouldn't make unpleasantness in the family. But before he had moved a foot away Mrs. Melloy floored him and sat on him, and when the other mothers learned that he had purposed to give the prize to the luminous-headed twins, they joined Mrs. Melloy in her attack. Pulsifer was taken away eventually by a policeman, looking as if he had been passed three or four times through a rolling-mill and had suddenly become bald. That first prize is not distributed yet, and Pulsifer hopes it never will be. He wouldn't take a judgeship of any kind now for the amount of the national debt.

—The Secretary of War recently informed the world that the popular idea of Washington's nose, obtained from his portraits, is incorrect. He has ascertained positively that the nose of the Father of his Country "was sharp and beak-like." Even if Gen. Belknap's statement is correct, we shall not submit tamely to any alteration of the pictures of Washington. That nose, as it has come down to us through succeeding generations, has become sacred. It is the nose we have revered; the nose around which our most hallowed recollections cluster; the nose upon which we have hung in reverential love. Blot out that nose and you rob every patriot of one of the objects which have helped to make his country dear to him. Put another nose there instead of the nose which we have always believed was blown at Monmouth, and bedewed with moisture in the dark hours of Valley Forge, and you commit a sacrilege which is little less than horrible. What difference does it make if the popular nose is not like the real nose? Washington himself never complained about it, and why should Gen. Belknap make himself uneasy concerning the matter? It is a very respectable nose as it stands, and just such a nose as might have bled for freedom, or covered a mouth that couldn't tell a lie. If the new nose is to be forced upon us, let us still cling to the old one. Let us have them both. We would rather mount twelve noses on George's face, singular as such an adornment would appear, than to give up the old nose. If any man ever did deserve two noses of his country, it was Washington.

—Young Archibald Singerly of Germantown has been unfortunate. He read in one of the papers that "when the boys of Virginia City wish to raise their kites, they tie the strings to a dog's tail and make the animal run." It occurred to young Mr. Singerly that as this proceeding was conducted upon a sound rational basis, he would experiment in the same direction. The difficulty encountered by Mr. Singerly at the outset was that he had an extremely large kite and a mournfully small dog; and the conclusion of the undertaking therefore may be anticipated, especially when we intimate that the wind was high. The residents of the neighborhood were surprised to see a dog making backward down the street, with considerable velocity, clawing and scratching at the earth for a hold, and emitting ejaculatory howls, as if he cherished a secret preference for going in the other direction. And they were even more amazed to perceive that he appeared to be anchored to something in the heavens. But there was not time for investigation. In a moment a cyclone or something of the kind struck the kite, and before Archibald Singerly could utter a scream, his dog had performed about one-third of the journey to the milky way. It is supposed that the bird's-eye view enjoyed by that animal must have been magnificent, embracing as it did Mount Airy, Chestnut Hill, Savannah, St. Petersburg and Pekin, with numerous smaller towns and villages. But the precise amount of felicity obtained by Singerly's dog while dangling amid the planetary system will perhaps never be ascertained, unless Singerly meets his victim in a better world. For as the kite came sailing down, the string caught on the vane of a church steeple, became tangled, and held Singerly's dog in permanent suspense. They tried to blow him loose with a shot gun, and they succeeded in producing a shower of sausage meat after each discharge; but when the dog had been all shot away, his tail remained, pointing due north, and refusing to come down. Any one who has a good dog can hear of something to his advantage by applying at Singerly's. Old Mr. Singerly would prefer a bob-tailed dog.

—An exchange says—"The Dutch journals announce that King William has invested the Sultan of Djocjokata with the dignity of commander of the Order of the lion of the Netherlands. The Sultan's name is Hamankoewonoesenopatiingalogonabgurrachmansaydinpuotogomode V." We do not desire to pry too closely into the private affairs of the Sultan, nor to display undue curiosity concerning his methods of procedure in certain given cases. But the mention of his family name, so much more musical than Smith, or Johnson, or Baumgardner, suggests two or three inquires which may perhaps be pardoned. We would like very much to know how he manages to work in the whole of that title on an ordinary door-plate; and if it would not be going too far, we should wish to ask if, in marking his shirts, he begins at the collar and puts the name diagonally down the back; or starts at the tail and runs it cat-a-cornered upward. It would also be interesting to inquire how he manages to reveal himself when he writes in a hotel register; how railroad people out there do when they put his name on a pass; how many pages in the directory are allowed him by law, and what his intimate friends call him "for short." If this paragraph meets his eye, we hope he will communicate with us on the subject. We shall esteem it a favor if our subscribers in Djocjokata will mail the paper to him.

—The correspondent who asks us whether Don Carlos will defeat the Republicans in Spain, or whether the Republicans will overcome Don Carlos, proposes a conundrum which is difficult, but which we can, perhaps, answer. After a careful consideration of the subject, we regard it as absolutely certain, that the Republicans will win, if by any combination of unexpected circumstances the efforts of Don Carlos are not crowned with success. Events apparently tend strongly to prove the truth of this proposition, while they show, it seems to us, in the clearest manner, that if Don Carlos achieves an ultimate and overwhelming triumph, the Republicans will not be likely to carry everything before them. The party upon whose banners victory perches and whose adversaries are crushed to earth in hopeless and disastrous defeat, will, in all human probability, have the upper hand, and whether this shall be the Republican government or Don Carlos, depends in a great measure upon which one places the other *hors du combat*. We do not often give decided opinions with confidence, but in this instance our theory may safely be relied on. It may seem rash and improbable, but it is absolutely sound.

—Mrs. Pullman, our neighbor over the way, is a devoted housekeeper, and a woman of many cares. Pullman, in order to give her some recreation, drove her out to the Park in a hired carriage the other day, and just before they reached home the horse ran away and Mrs. Pullman was thrown violently out and picked up insensible. As she lay unconscious in the room, Pullman knelt by her side holding her hand in his and terribly alarmed lest the vital spark had fled. In an agony of dread he appealed to her. "Elizabeth, speak to me! Speak to me, Elizabeth, my love. Have you no word for your husband? Can't you hear your Samuel speak to you, dearest? No movement! no sound! I fear the worst. Elizabeth, my darling, will you not speak to me? Am I never to hear your voice again, my love? Ha, she moves! She opens her eyes! She lives! One word, but one word, Elizabeth. Tell me that you will live. Let me only hear but one whisper from your lips, my dearest, and I will be satisfied." Here, so the doctor informed us, Mrs. Pullman rolled her eyes around to Samuel, and said, in a broken voice, "Sam, I do believe that scand'lous Mary Jane never put them mackerel into soak. I'll be the ruin of that gal yet, mind me." Then Pullman left the bedside, and passed out in pursuit of that negligent Mary Jane. He told the doctor he felt somewhat calmer after that. "It kinder soothed him," his aunt informed us, "to find that Elizabeth was far enough away from the tomb to think about soaking mackerel."

—We cannot recommend Slenker's patent spring bed since the accident at Leedom's. The bed it appears was entirely *too* elastic. When Mrs. Leedom went to place her baby upon it, the child somehow slipped and struck the bed with considerable force. It instantly rebounded up to the ceiling, then back again to the bed, then up again, making smaller and smaller accessions each time. But from the manner in which the gymnastics were going on Mrs. Leedom feared either that the child would keep bouncing around until Christmas and starve to death before it could be stopped, or be killed by the continued concussions. Mrs. Leedom, therefore, had to consider whether it would be better to try to catch the baby on the fly, or suddenly to pull the bed away during an upward bound, and let the infant souse against the floor. Leedom himself solved the problem however by rushing down after the pie-board, which he inserted between the little sufferer and the bed. On the sixty-seventh bound the child came down on the board with a kind of a "squash" which made Mrs. Leedom's blood run cold, and which split the board. But the infant was unhurt. It was out of breath, and looked as red in the face as if it had been standing on its head. It recovered its wind however in time to give Leedom an airy prance around the room that night after the paregoric bottle, to the music of screams of the most terrific character. The bed is not regarded as a complete success. Slenker can buy it back again for less than cost.

—They laid out a cemetery in Mullersburg Pa., a few months ago, and most of the citizens purchased lots. As soon as everything was ready, great anxiety was felt to have the cemetery started right off with a few interments. But nobody died. Week after week passed, and the town kept getting healthier and healthier, until at last all the physicians in the place had a chance to knock off and take a vacation. As soon as they left town, the sanitary condition of the public became more thoroughly good than ever. The people were in despair. It seemed as if that cemetery would never be inaugurated. In this crisis a woman came to the front. It was Mrs. Scudamore. She was a widow who had had five husbands, and rather than have that cemetery remain so lonely and desolate, she dug up every one of those dead partners and planted them all afresh in the new graveyard under a blue marble monument surmounted with a familiar effigy of a sugar-bowl with a rag over the top of it. It is a comforting thing to feel that the community can thus depend upon noble and self-sacrificing woman in hours of deep despondency. She certainly is Heaven's first, best gift to man.

### THE ASH POOL.

The wet wind sobs o'er the sodden leas,
And wails through the branches of leafless trees,
As mourning the seed in the fallows lost,
And the pale buds peeping to die in the frost,
When Winter asserts his lingering reign,
And his sceptre glitters on hill and plain.
Drearily meadows and uplands lie,
'Neath the lifted sweep of sullen sky,
And sad and still as the hushed green Yule,
'Neath the straggling boughs lies the Great Ash Pool.

Black and cold, and stagnant and deep,
No silvery fins from its waters leap;
No brown wings flutter, no pattering feet,
Tell that life on its banks finds safe retreat;
No lily-buds to its surface cling,
But duckweed and nightshade around it spring:
The very trees that about it stand,
Are twisted and gnarled as by witches' hand,
And the ghost of a story of sin and strife,
Like a mist hangs over the Great Ash Pool.

When June's soft magic is on the earth,
And the rose and the violet spring to birth,
When the bright berks dance 'neath the bright leaves' shade,
And the wild birds carol from glen and glade,
Not a sunbeam glints on its breast to play,
Not a murmur welcomes the golden day,
No children loiter beside its brink,
No shy fawn lingers its wave to drink;
The old trees' shadow is deep and cool,
Yet no lovers keep tryst at the Great Ash Pool.

Yet once by its waters wild vows were spoken,
In passion heard, and in falsehood broken.
Two bright heads over its margin bent,
When the moon to its depths soft radiance lent;
A little while and one face lay there,
With its blue eyes glazed in their last despair,
Eyes that stared upward, through weed and slime,
With their story of sorrow, and shame, and crime.
So, in glory of summer, or gladness of Yule,
A curse hangs over the Great Ash Pool.

## CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss,
Surely that hour foretold
Sorrow to this. —*Byron.*

A month passed away, and Claudia's triumphs were greater than ever.

Already the managers of nearly all the principal provincial theatres were commencing negotiations for her services, and Mr. Golightly was congratulating himself upon his good fortune in having secured such a profitable attraction.

"My fortune's made," he said to himself, rubbing his fat hands with unctuous self-satisfaction, "safe, if she only keeps herself to herself, and doesn't let any of the fools marry her that come dangling after her night after night."

He need not have been afraid. Of all the moths that came singeing their wings at the flame of the new light, not one made any impression on Claudia. The young actress, with her bewitching beauty, might have had all the gay gallants in London at her feet had she so willed it; but she was cold and proud, they said, and inaccessible to flattery.

Lord Nortonshall had not the opportunity to run after her, for Alma Bouverie had come to town with her aunt, and it behooved him not to lose his footing in the household.

Mrs. Eversfield had taken a handsomely-furnished house in Carlton-terrace, and intended introducing her niece to the world in first-rate style when the term of their mourning for Mr. Bouverie should be expired. She had been much attached to her brother, and his death had been a great shock to her; but she was one of those women whose grief is very noisy, and expends itself in great storms of sobs and tears, and loud lamentations.

Before Mr. Bouverie had been dead a fortnight, she had begun to lay plans for the coming winter, which they were to spend in town, and to calculate what degree of gayety they might venture upon during their twelve months of enforced seclusion.

She congratulated herself that both she and Alma looked well in mourning, and was never tired of trying the effect of all the various caps, dresses, and bonnets she had deemed it necessary to buy.

Her niece's sorrow was very silent, but it showed itself in the pale cheeks and dimmed eyes, which called forth her aunt's severest displeasure, for fear of their effect on her complexion.

Westerpark was to be let for the present. Alma could not bear to live there with the dread memory of her father's murder hanging over it, and Mr. Waters recommended it to be let. Already a gentleman was in negotiation for it, and it bid fair to realise a handsome sum for its fair proprietor.

It was a sad heart that the poor girl took to London with her—sadder still for the thought that she must ere long part from Frank, the sole tie, as it seemed now, that bound her to her old life.

His departure had been accidentally delayed—his ship, the Arethusa, not being quite ready for sea, and a month, therefore, elapsed before he left London. He, of course, was a welcome visitor at Mrs. Eversfield's house—ever welcome to Alma, if not to the mistress of the establishment. Mr. Bouverie had long looked upon the young man as his child's future husband, and his sister knew that she must receive him as such, though in her heart she rather inclined to Lord Nortonshall's title and northern castle as being the most appropriate way for her niece to settle in life.

Lady Nortonshall, with a place among the peeresses of the realm, and a right to a coronet! Why, Alma must be mad to turn such a chance away for the prospect of becoming an obscure sailor's wife. What was a lieutenant in the navy? Surely not a fitting husband for a young lady with a fortune like that of the heiress of such an estate as Westerpark.

Thus she argued with herself, though she did not as yet put her thoughts into words and speak her mind to her niece. That would be premature, she imagined; and then young Vavasour was going away, and there was no knowing what might happen. Apart from his society, she trusted that the impression he had made would die away, and Alma act, as she expressed it, like a sensible woman.

She would not fly in the face of her brother's wishes and speak openly; but she waited and temporized, and encouraged Lord Nortonshall's attentions, and fretted inwardly at the delay in Frank's getting away.

The time came at last. The very last evening the two would spend together for many a day, perhaps forever had come, and they sat side by side in the bow window of the pretty drawing-room that overlooked the park. It was the last day of July, and the evening sun lit the trees and grass into green and glowing radiance.

The scent of countless flowers, which made the outside of the window a blaze of beauty, filled the room, and the hum of voices from the park, softened by distance, made a pleasant break in the stillness. They sat without speaking, hand clasped in hand. It was a silence where the heart is too full for words—great joy and heavy sorrow are alike voiceless.

Alma's eyes were wandering far away over the green trees of the park and the distant house-tops into the wide space.

"What are you thinking of, darling?" Frank asked, caressing the little hand he held.

The tears which had gathered in her eyes fell in great drops down her cheeks as his voice roused her from her waking dream.

"I was thinking of Westerpark and of our sorrows there, and of this time last year, when we were all so happy, and of papa. Oh, Frank, Frank! when you are gone, my heart will break!"

She burst into passionate tears, and he strove in vain to soothe her, though his own heart was well-nigh broken, too, at the prospect of their long parting.

"Nay, darling," he said, "try to bear it—try to think that the time will not be long. We are both young, Alma, and a year is not much in our lives."

"Not much, Frank?"

"Well, dear, it will not be to look back upon when it is over; and think of my coming back! Perhaps I shall be a captain then—who knows?"

"I can't look at the bright side of it, Frank. Suppose you should be shipwrecked—drowned? Oh, my love! my love! when the wind blows at night I shall lie awake and fancy you going down, down in the dark waters. Frank, if anything happened to you, I should die hearing the news!"

He drew her close to him, and laid her head on his breast, for she was shaking all over with strong excitement and wild grief.

"Hush, my darling!" he said; "no harm can come to either of us if we are true to each other."

"True! Oh, Frank!"

"As we shall be. I shall come back to find my Alma all she has been to me; and, more than all—my wife."

"But I dread your going away—I dread being left to my aunt in the future. She is worldly, and thinks—"

"That you ought to make a better match—eh, *petite?*"

"Well, yes; but I would not have a king to-morrow who would separate me from you. But it worries me, and Lord Nortonshall worries me, and more than all I dread that Mr. Bertram."

"Does he come here?"

"He has been here once. I only saw him for a minute."

"What did he come for?"

"I don't know."

"Does he want to renew his suit, do you think?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. It would be no use, and he knows it. I have'n't an idea what brought him here; but his very presence in the house gave me a cold chill!"

"Has he ever been rude to you?"

"Oh, no, never—too polite, if anything; but I feel as though he were somehow or other mixed up with my future fate—as if he would influence my life in some evil way. I am terribly afraid of him!"

"You are nervous, dear. I don't like him. It may be prejudice, but I feel as though no good could come of an intimacy with him. Still, we need not know him unless we choose, and we won't choose—you and I."

"I am afraid aunty likes him, and—Oh, Frank, what is that?"

The silvery tiny ting of a little time-piece fell upon their ears, and the young man started to his feet.

"Nine, my love, my darling, and I must go."

The last moment had come, and with it the tearing asunder of two loving hearts. Such partings can come but seldom in a life—nature could not stand the strain—and Alma clung convulsively to him she loved so dearly in tearless suffering, more terrible than any outspoken grief. For him, what could he do but hold her tenderly to his heart, and pray Heaven to bless and keep his treasure safe till his return?

"Only for a year!" he murmured. "Try and think of that, Alma—think how quickly years have passed before now in our lives. It will be nothing to look back upon."

"It is long in passing when there is nothing but sorrow in it. Frank, I feel this is our last parting, dear. I shall never see your face again in all my weary life."

"You'll see it in twelve months, darling, and hear of it by every chance I can get of writing to you. Only one year! Why, you and I could be faithful to each other for a lifetime."

"For all eternity," she answered, as he kissed her for the last time, and gently placed her on a sofa.

She did not faint, but sat there white and tearless, till the sound of wheels rolling rapidly away from the door roused her to a sense of her loss. Then she realized that he was indeed gone, that she could see him no more, and she burst into such a passion of tears that Mrs. Eversfield was seriously alarmed.

"I shall never see him again," she sobbed; "never, never!"

In vain her aunt attempted consolation—she would not be comforted. A presentiment seemed to oppress her of coming evil, which she could not shake off, and the next few weeks saw a decided decline in her health. She grew pale and wan, and the sound of a strange voice or footstep would startle and alarm her terribly.

She watched eagerly for the arrival of each day's post, never heeding the assurances of those about her, that no letter would come to her from Frank for some time unless the Arethusa fell in with some homeward-bound ship, which would bring back letters.

"We shall see—we shall see," was her only reply to their expostulations. "News will come somehow."

And news did come, in a way they least expected.

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Six weeks after the parting between Alma Bouverie and Frank Vavasour, Lord Nortonshall came down to his breakfast in anything but a pleasant humour. He could make no way with the heiress, and the actress would have nothing to say to him, so, altogether, he was very dull, and consequently very cross.

"Don't kick up such a deuce of a row," he said, to the servant, who was arranging the breakfast things. "I hate to hear such a clatter. Where are my letters?"

"Here, my lord."

"And the Times?"

"Here, my lord."

"Very well, then, get out."

"Very good, my lord."

The man needed no further commands, and got out, and his master settled himself to his breakfast and his morning paper, very wroth with everything. He grumbled over a flattering notice of Claudia Wynne, and "pished" and swore over the mention of his own name as honorary director of something or other.

Suddenly a paragraph caught his eye which stopped his grumbling. His face lit up with something very like triumph.

"Great Heaven!" he muttered, "the chance has come at last!"

He read the simple announcement over and over again, as if to make sure that it really was there in black and white before his eyes.

"If it is only true," he murmured, "and no bosh hashed up in a public-house! No—it is true; or there's good authority for it. It would not be in this column else."

The paragraph was short, but in large type, and was headed:—

"Total destruction of H. M. S. Arethusa by fire. Loss of her whole crew. All hands drowned."

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### CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIED.

Married! married! and not to me—
Is it a dream, or can it be? —*Anon.*

The newspaper paragraph read by Lord Nortonshall across his breakfast table was true. The good ship Arethusa had fallen a victim to the dread destroyer fire, and not a soul of her crew had returned to tell the tale.

The news had been brought home by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's boat Antelope, whose officers and men had seen the light of the burning ship on the horizon, and had instantly steamed toward the spot. Long ere they reached it, however, a terrific explosion took place, and the blazing fragments of the once magnificent ship were hurled into the air, to fall, hissing and blackened, into the dark waters below.

They reported having cruised about the spot for two days without being able to do more than pick up some of the charred timbers, one or two bearing the name of the doomed ship, and one dead body, which had by some means got entangled in a rope attached to a broken spar.

It was that of a common sailor, named James Hope, sadly disfigured and bruised, and they buried him in the sea, carefully keeping his clothes and the odds and ends in his pockets for his friends, if any turned up ashore.

Of the rest of the crew they could find no trace. If any had escaped, they must have got out of sight and hearing in the darkness; but it was most likely they had all perished, either by the flames or the equally pitiless sea.

Such was the sad tale brought home by the Antelope, and, as week after week, and month after month passed by, and no tidings of any of that doomed crew ever reached England, they were counted lost, and mourned and wept for in many a home where women toil, and wait and hope, only to be rewarded at last with the news of a dreadful death, and the sight of a vacant chair.

How Alma bore the sad affliction which had so suddenly come upon her Lord Nortonshall could only hear from her aunt. She was never visible, would see no one, and Mrs. Eversfield declared that her niece's silent grief was more than she could bear.

"It preyed upon her nerves," she said, "to see any one mope so."

Had Alma's affianced husband been a lord or a duke, she would have understood her despair; but only a sailor! Well, for her part, she thought a young lady with Alma's prospects was well freed from such a degrading connection.

And so on *ad lib.*, would the good lady hold forth; not to her niece (for, to do her justice, she respected her sorrow enough to be silent,) but to her special friends, among whom Lord Nortonshall ranked very high.

He was precisely of her opinion regarding Frank Vavasour's death. He thought it a very good thing, but he would not say so. He behaved very well in this time of sorrow.

"Don't be harsh with her, dear Mrs. Eversfield," he said one day, after Alma had refused to see him; "time will work its own cure."

"Time seems to work nothing but more wretchedness," the lady returned, testily. "Alma is growing a perfect monomaniac on the subject, and we might just as well be buried alive as mope here as we do. I've no patience with her."

"She must be very tenderly dealt with, my dear madam; a shock like this is a rending of the very heart-strings. Don't imagine I would force my presence on her for a moment, but I shall hope for a brighter time to come some day."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Eversfield said, and duly reported to Alma, as his lordship expected she would, *how* kind he was, and how much of sympathy he had expressed for her.

But Alma cared nothing now what any one said or did; the light and life had gone from her existence, and they might do with her what they would.

And when six months had passed away, and with them all tidings of the lost one, and Lord Nortonshall began cautiously to press his suit, she evinced no surprise, hardly any chagrin, only begging her aunt to leave her alone.

But Mrs. Eversfield was not the sort of person to leave any one alone, and she persistently coaxed and worried alternately, till Alma yielded from sheer inability to refuse, and in twelve months after the arrival of the news of Frank's loss, she became the betrothed of her titled lover.

It was no happy betrothal, and most men would have shrunk from taking the promise of the pallid girl, who seemed more like a spectre than a creature of flesh and blood, as she allowed him to take her in his arms and call her his future wife.

He did not care for her coldness, her utter indifference to his endearments. It was her money he coveted, and the thought that it would soon be his was sufficient to make him blind to her want of love for him.

"I'll make her love me when I get her to Nortonshall," he said, triumphantly; when Alma had glided out of the room to bury her face in the pillows of her bed, and to pray frantically that she might die before her wedding day.

One stipulation she made—that she should have six months more, and then, if nothing came about to alter matters, she would stand at the altar with the man she had promised to marry.

On no other condition would she consent, and they were fain to yield, and let her have her own way, though Mrs. Eversfield grumbled sorely thereat, and openly expressed her disapprobation to her nephew that was to be, declaring that—

"They had better have been married at once, and then there would be no chance of anything disagreeable happening."

Nothing happened, however, disagreeable or otherwise, and the time for the wedding drew near. Lord Nortonshall went home to his Yorkshire castle, and made all sorts of magnificent preparations for the coming home of his bride.

Mrs. Eversfield acted alone in the ordering of her niece's *trousseau*. Alma would have nothing to do with it; she only prayed to be let alone.

The time flew by on leaden wings to the impatient bridegroom elect, and with terrible swiftness to the trembling bride, and at length the day came—a bright, sunny spring morning, redolent of the breath of scented flowers, and bright with clear sky and glowing sunshine.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the proverb; and if its glowing radiance could have brought happiness the pale bride of that morning would have been a happy woman.

Lord Wedderburn was his friend's best man on the auspicious occasion, and a bevy of fair girls attended Alma to the altar. A host of fashionable friends almost filled the church, and outsiders filled the galleries, for the fame of the wedding had flown far and wide, and a great crowd had gathered to witness it.

"Claudia said she should come," the groomsman said to his friend, as they drove to the church together. "She only returned to town yesterday, and sends you her best wishes."

"For which I thank her, the coy little prude," his lordship replied. "She's such a good creature I think I shall introduce her to Alma. She'd be the better of brightening up a little."

"You might introduce Claudia to anybody," Lord Wedderburn replied; "she is propriety itself."

The intimacy of the two friends with the beautiful actress had not diminished as the time had passed, and Claudia had grown into such fame as rarely falls to the lot of actresses now-a-days. She was *fêted* and caressed by high and low, without losing that sweet purity which was her greatest charm.

Lord Nortonshall looked around the church as he entered in search of her dark, lovely face, with a feeling of pleasure in the thought that she cared enough for him to be there. But no Claudia was to be seen, and he felt a twinge of disappointment. He would have liked the actress to have seen his beautiful bride, and himself radiant by her side.

For he was radiant this morning. The terrible load that was lifted from his heart by the acquisition of his bride's fortune was a secret from all but himself, and, besides, he loved her as much as it was in his nature to love anything.

He had not been behind in the matter of settlements; Westerpark and a goodly allowance was assured to Alma and her second son, should she have children, while Nortonshall, freed from many an incumbrance by its master's marriage, would come in all its pristine grandeur to the eldest scion of the house.

His lordship's friends might well call him a lucky fellow; beauty and fortune combined seldom fall to the lot of money-hunting husbands.

Mrs. Eversfield was in her glory, radiant in glistening satin and glittering jewels. She talked about "her darling niece, and the trial it was to lose her," as though she had not schemed with might and main to bring the marriage about.

A very old friend of Mr. Bouverie's, failing either father or brother, was to give the bride away, and a whole bevy of relations, none of them very near, were invited to the ceremony.

Mr. Austin Bertram was among the guests. Notwithstanding Alma's dislike, she had not objected to his name when read over in the list of guests—indeed, she would have objected to nothing in her present state of listless apathy; it seemed all some hideous dream, from which she must presently awake at Westerpark, with her father and Frank by her side, as of yore.

Austin Bertram occupied a position from which he could mark everything that occurred in the church. He saw Alma, followed by her bridesmaids, come slowly through the crowd, and marked the murmur of admiration that greeted her beauty. Her face was very pale, almost as white as the soft satin that hung in lustrous folds about her slender form; but the rich veil that enveloped her from head to foot in some measure prevented the spectators from marking the pained expression of her features.

She walked to the altar firmly enough, and made her responses in a calm, low voice, which was audible to most present. It was the calmness of death almost—the dread chill of a despairing heart—which was upon her as she stood there to plight her troth to the man who had taken Frank's place, not in her heart, but in her life.

She felt her heart give a wild throb as the clergyman put the solemn question which precedes the indissoluble joining together of man and wife.

"I require, and charge you both as you shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment," and Alma looked around with a wild, despairing supplication, scarcely a hope arising that something might happen, even *then*—that some one would arise out of the silent crowd and declare an impediment to the marriage about to be consummated.

All was still; none could see any reason why the lovely girl and the manly-looking peer should not be made one flesh, and the service proceeded.

The bridegroom swore, as husbands nowadays do swear (to break their oaths afterward,) to cherish and protect the shrinking girl at his side, to keep her in sickness and in health, to forsake all others and cleave only unto her, as long as they both should live; and she, on her part, took a solemn oath to "love, honor, and obey" the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

There was no mockery in the words, poor girl; from her very heart she meant to do her duty to the man who had promised with many a vow to be kind to her, who appeared to respect her sorrow—and who had shown no offence at her undisguised mourning—for another.

It was with a very full heart that she bent her head in silent supplication when the solemn words that tied them together were ended.

She prayed for help whence help alone could come, to keep her resolutions, and arose from her knees with tearful eyes, but a steady determination to do her duty and look her fate firmly in the face.

She passed through a crowd of congratulating friends, hearing her new title, "Lady Nortonshall," with unbelieving ears—a young wife is always startled by her new title.

Austin Bertram bowed as she neared him, and she suddenly stopped and looked, as he thought for a moment, straight at him. It was not at him, however; some one behind him caught her eye, and ere her husband could catch her, the new Lady Nortonshall, with a gasping moan, had fallen senseless at his feet.

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### CHAPTER IX.

A VISITOR FOR MRS. EVERSFIELD.

I thought of fond greetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure—oh, was it for this?
—*Haynes Bayley.*

It was not at the sight of Austin Bertram's sinister-looking face that the new Lady Nortonshall fainted in the midst of the bridal congratulations; nor was it on account of the agitation she had gone through, nor the heat, nor the cold, nor any of the thousand-and-one causes that women assign for their nervous fits. She had a stronger and graver reason.

She had turned away from the altar, her heart full of high and stern resolve to keep in the path of duty, whatever befell, and she met the kindly looks and words with a faint smile; but at the moment when Mr. Bertram advanced to bow to her, and she lifted her eyes to his face, she saw behind him, far off in the body of the church, rather raised above the sea of heads, which were all turned to her as the centre of attraction, the face of Francis Vavasour!

It was white and haggard, and the eyes looked hollow and wild; but it was his face beyond a doubt, and it bore upon it a look of mingled agony and reproach, which went to her heart.

It was too much. The remembrance of all they had been to each other, all they had hoped to be, came rushing upon her, and while she yet gazed, uncertain whether she looked upon a real, living man, or a spectre of her over-excited imagination, her senses forsook her, and she fainted away.

Of course, there was the usual commotion. Ladies crowded around her, and talked about her extreme sensibility and the heat of the church, and, as usual, did all they could to prevent her coming to her senses again by excluding the air from her, and talking round her with twenty-lady power.

Lord Nortonshall himself carried her to the vestry, wondering not a little what could have caused so sudden a giving way. No one but herself had seen what made her faint, and for a time all was confusion and alarm.

Presently she roused herself a little, and opened her eyes in a dreamy way. Her head was pillowed on her husband's arm, and his face was tenderly bent over her; but she took no notice of it.

"Where is he?"

The words came in gasps from her white lips, but there was a ring of despair in them that those present never *forgot*.

"Where is he?"

"He! Who, my darling?"

"Frank—my Frank!" she said, in a voice like a wail of pain. "He was here—in the church! I saw him there!"

Lord Nortonshall's face grew dark. It was hard to have the former affianced husband of his bride spoken of in such terms at such a time, and an oath almost escaped his lips. He repressed his anger, however, firmly and well, and signed to Mrs. Eversfield to get the guests away. She did so with consummate tact, and no one but the bridegroom and herself heard Alma's first words.

"You fancied it, darling," the newly-made husband said, gently. "There could be no possibility of such a thing. You are over-excited and worn-out, and your imagination has run away with you."

She was fully restored now, and felt gratified by his kind forbearance. She looked her thanks, but did not speak them, and he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Take me home," she said, "and forgive me. I could not help it, but I was weak and foolish."

He took her to the carriage, looking everywhere as he went for the face which had so alarmed her. In vain. No one at all resembling Francis Vavasour could be see anywhere. He was glad to drive off with his bride—alone with his bride—out of the way of the little mob that had gathered in anticipation of a scene.

"You will forgive me, will you not, my lord?" she whispered once more, when they were shut up in the chariot.

"No, I will not," he replied, encircling her with his arm. "'My lord' will forgive nothing; but Graham Nortonshall will forgive all that his wife can say or do. Kiss me, my own darling, and say, 'Graham, I love you.'"

She raised her trembling lips, and let him take rather than gave the caress he asked; but when she tried to speak her voice died away in choking tears.

"Never mind," he murmured. "You will say it yet, and without my asking for it. Dry your eyes, my Alma, and be Lady Nortonshall for an hour, till we start for our country home. There you shall lay your head upon my breast and weep out all your vexations where a wife should—in a loving husband's shielding arms."

He was showing the best side of his nature now, and Alma felt all his kindness in her heart. She suffered him to dry her eyes and help her to arrange her disordered veil and wreath, so that by the time she arrived at Carlton-terrace she was herself again.

Mrs. Eversfield was delighted at the way in which everything had gone off. She had dreaded—she scarcely knew why—a scene, and the good lady had a wholesome horror of scenes; so that when she saw Alma enter the house, pale indeed, and with suspiciously red eyes, but calm and self-possessed, and noticed the smiles which she bestowed upon Lord Nortonshall, she inwardly blessed him for the marvellous change which he had brought about, and, as she afterward told one of her particular friends, to whom she was recounting her hopes and fears on the eventful morning—

"I assure you, my dear, I was so pleased that I could almost have found it in my heart to have hugged him."

But Mrs. Eversfield was too well-bred to allow her feelings to get the better of her in so *prononcé* a manner, and the wedding breakfast went off splendidly. The usual speeches were made and healths were drunk—the happy pair together, then the bride and bridegroom separately, followed by the groomsmen, their hostess, and everything and everybody who could be an excuse for making another speech or the popping of another champagne cork.

But the pleasantest hours must have an end—the merriest wedding breakfast must be over some time; the bride and bridegroom must depart to "spend their honeymoon," and after their departure the festivities begin to resemble uncorked soda-water in their flatness, and the guests to drop off one by one.

Such was the case when Lady Nortonshall, in her killing little bonnet and splendid silver-gray *moire-antique* and velvet jacket, had been handed into the carriage by her lord, and they had driven off amid a chorus of cheers from the ragged urchins who invariably scent out a marriage with unerring prescience, and followed by a shower of old slippers from the house door.

After this the party very speedily broke up, to Mrs. Eversfield's very great relief. She was much pleased that it was all over, and congratulated herself that everything had gone off extremely well, and having given all her orders for the evening, when there was to be a ball in further celebration of the event, she threw a light shawl around her shoulders, and lay down on one of the drawing-room sofas for an hour's repose.

The room was very still, for the hum of voices from the park could only penetrate so far with a very subdued sound, which helped to soothe to slumber more than drive sleep from her eyelids, and in a very few moments she was enjoying a most delicious doze, and dreaming the whole of the ceremony over again, though she was hardly asleep.

What time passed in this state of semi-unconsciousness she knew not. She was quite sensible of where she was, she could hear the dull murmurs outside, and feel the soft cushions against which she reclined; but she was dreaming on through it all, and, strangely enough, her dreams at last fixed upon Frank Vavasour for a subject. She saw him in all conditions—in poverty and in prosperity, well-clad and in rags, and, finally, lying dead before her.

From this uncomfortable vision she awoke with a start, to see a servant standing in the doorway with a card.

"Well," she said, starting up, "what is it?"

"A gentleman, madam. He wishes to see you."

"I can see no one; I left my orders to that effect."

"Yes, madam, I am aware of that; but the gentleman would not be denied. He says that he will wait until you choose to see him, and insisted on my bringing up his card."

"Do you know him?"

"No, madam; I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

The servant was a fresh one, who had not been more than a few months in the house, and did not yet know all of Mrs. Eversfield's visitors. His mistress took the card, and gazed at it with a face whose color died gradually away, and left it pale as marble.

And well it might, for the name inscribed upon it was that of the man she had seen in her fleeting dreams—her niece's former lover, Francis Vavasour.

"Is the gentleman to come up, madam?" the servant inquired.

"Yes, yes—show him up at once."

The man departed, and she covered her face with her hands for a few moments, to think of what she should say.

"What a mercy that they have gone!" was the first thought which flashed through her brain, and she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

And then came the idea that this must be some cheat, some trick. Frank was dead—he must be—and this was some impostor assuming his name, and trusting to a chance likeness, or the alteration of time and travel, to work out a plan of deceit—perhaps robbery.

Mrs. Eversfield grew alarmed at the thought; but the footstep on the stair set her heart beating strangely, it sounded so familiar; and a voice whose tones made her heart stand still, inquired if that were the room.

She started up in mute expectation—and in another moment a man entered the room, and she stood face to face with Frank Vavasour!

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Meantime, Lord and Lady Nortonshall were speeding northward by express train toward the future home of the young bride.

Alma had been offered her choice of various tours, but she had implored to be allowed a few weeks' quiet, and the doctors recommended the northern air as likely to brace up her weakened constitution; so, after a few objections, his lordship yielded—and to Nortonshall they went.

He was very gentle and kind to his young bride upon the road, and soothed her when she told him of her alarm in the church—for she did so, simply and quietly, without any hesitation.

"My darling," he said, "it could have been nothing but fancy. Your imagination was excited—that's all. Rest and quiet will set your nerves all right again."

"I hope so, for your sake. I should not like you to have an ailing, good-for-nothing wife, my lord."

"Whom were you speaking to?" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Well, Graham, then," she replied, with a blush, "I shall learn from your kind forbearance, to call you whatever you wish. But about Frank—Mr. Vavasour, I mean—I really did see him."

"I trust not, for both our sakes."

Alma could only echo this wish. It had been terrible to her, the fancy that she had seen the face she loved so dearly, and it would have been a dreadful misery in the first hours of her married life to have known that he still lived to believe her false to him.

She was very silent during the journey, thinking of things past, present, and to come, and it was only when they reached the little rustic station which was the nearest point to her future home, that she roused from her revery.

"Welcome home, my love," said her husband, stooping forward and kissing her as they drove up the long avenue which led to Nortonshall.

They had traversed some few miles since leaving the railway, and all along the route were excited people, waiting to welcome the new mistress of the soil, and Alma, as she bowed from the elegantly-appointed carriage which had met them, saw none but smiling faces.

Everywhere were sounds of rejoicing. It was dark night, but bonfires blazed, and flags were waving, and a gleaming star of colored lamps over the gate, with the word "Welcome," sent down a many-hued radiance on them as they passed beneath it.

At the great hall-door stood the portly housekeeper, with a long array of servants behind her, to welcome their new mistress, and a loud, ringing cheer, which went up from a dense crowd assembled on the lawn, was Alma's welcome to her future home.

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.)*

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### Attempt to Blow Up a School-House.

A diabolical attempt at wholesale murder was made in Houston township, Clearfield county, Pa., some time since. While the Good Templar Lodge was in session at Mill Run, an explosion of powder occurred beneath the floor of the school-house in which the organization met, with sufficient force to tip over the tables and lamps, while the fire burst through the crevices in the floor, and filled the house with a stifling smoke. A further examination by daylight revealed the fact that the building had been lifted enough to allow the foundation to be pushed out of place.

A powder can that would hold about twenty-five pounds was found under the house blown to pieces. Rushes had been cut and placed over the opening made in the wall to introduce the can. The floor being a double one, it was strong enough to withstand the shock—even to slightly lifting the house and pushing out the wall—thus enabling the powder to expend its force laterally, and thwarting the evident intention of blowing up fifteen or twenty men and women. No punishment under our laws is too severe for such a dastardly outrage, and we hope the fiends who made this attempt to injure and maim or destroy the lives of so large a number of innocent persons assembled in a peaceful and social capacity may be discovered, and punished to the utmost extent of the law.

### BEREFT.

She heard old ocean's hollow roll
And wash of wave upon the sand,
The while a brooding twilight stole
By dim degrees o'er all the land.
"O, sea," she said, "give up your dead!
Give back my sailor boy to me!
What worth is left to life," she said,
"My one love lies beneath the sea!"

A loose wind wander'd through the leaves,
And came and went about the place;
It whisper'd round the cottage eaves,
And last it touch'd her on the face.
"O, wind," she said, "my boy is dead!
And if you come from yon dark sea,
Bring back, O, wind," she, weeping, said,
"Some tidings of my boy to me."

Slowly the dull night wore away,
A new day trembled to its birth,
The sun broke through the eastern gray
And drove the shadows from the earth.
"Once more," she said, "the night has fled,
Dawn widens over the land and sea,
But never will it come," she said,
"The dawn that brings my boy to me!"

# RED KELLY;

OR,

## The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

SUICIDE OR MURDER?

Some ten days after Griff's interview with De Lancy, a courier rode hurriedly up to the stockade and called out:

"Lieutenant Griffith Hume."

Griff immediately separated himself from the group of officers and orderlies and advanced toward the bespattered horseman.

The subaltern passed him a note. He tore it open and read—

"Return here with the greatest dispatch. De Lancy has committed suicide

"AMBROSE KEITH."

The young man read the missive twice and but half understood it then.

"Are you acquainted with the contents of this note?" he inquired of the man whose garments bespoke hard-riding.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful answer, "I am on Colonel Dewey's staff."

"When did he—De Lancy die?"

"During the night, sir. He had an appointment with the colonel early this morning, and failing to appear was sent for and found dead."

Griff had his horse brought immediately, while a wild medley of thoughts and memories surged through his mind. De Lancy's strange manner and unaccountable depression when last he saw him—could it be that in a fit of mental aberration he had indeed taken his own life, just when his prospects were opening up brilliantly? Such things had occurred before this time.

Sometime past noon they arrived at the colonel's.

"You will find them," said the servant, "at the office."

Thither he repaired, and ascended the stairs with a slow and solemn pace. Keith heard him and opened the door softly, as if afraid of awakening a sleeper.

Griff removed his hat and came reverentially into the presence of the dead.

"I would not have him touched, not so much as a finger moved," explained Keith, "until you had come and seen him. I would have no stir, no one in until you arrived," he went on in a low tone of subdued excitement. "A promiscuous crowd will disturb a dead body."

Colonel Dewey was conversing on the landing with the orderly who had been sent for Lieutenant Hume, and was keeping away all visitors.

Griff bent above the still, recumbent figure, while his throat swelled with a suppressed sob.

"Poor fellow," he said, "I little thought that his depressed spirits, when I last saw him, would lead to this."

"The coming event cast its shadow before," significantly returned Keith.

"This is one of his pistols," Griff went on, stooping to pick up the weapon where it had evidently fallen from his dying or dead hand. "One barrel is empty."

"And he is shot through the temple, you see."

Yes, the ghastly wound was half-hidden by matted, gory hair. Of a sudden, Griff started violently and changed his position, passing around the feet of the corpse and coming up to the right side.

Keith watched his movements with his blue eyes gradually darkening to a dusky brilliancy.

After a minute's profound attention given to the body of the corpse, Griff suddenly lifted his gaze and encountered the unnatural glare in the orbs of the other. He pointed to the bosom of the linen shirt which De Lancy wore; and Keith, stooping close to him above the dead man, whispered in a hoarse, dry tone:

"You see, too—*he was murdered.*"

Both men were very pale about the lips; then Hume questioned

"Does any one—does Colonel Dewey know this?"

"Only you and I. I sent for you before I would allow him to be removed. I thought if my conjectures were right you would notice the—the mark. If you did not, let it pass for a suicide; if you did, let it pass for the same."

"We can work better."

"You catch the idea."

"Was he shot with his own pistol?"

"I think so."

"Here in this room?"

"Oh, yes; there are no blood-stains beyond the couch here where he had evidently thrown himself ready dressed; and close up you see is the pool of blood that issued from the wound. Yes, he was shot here—right where he lies."

"No window unfastened?"

"Nor door. In fact, the door was even bolted on the inside when the orderly, looking through the key-hole, discovered what had happened."

"Have you questioned the police?"

"Not yet. To question them is to publish the case, which I was anxious not to do until your arrival. Colonel Dewey, Brackett and myself burst the door from the hinges and found that the bolt was shot into the socket."

"And the windows fast?"

"As you see."

Griff made the circuit of the room and found the patent springs of the windows undisturbed and fast.

"Mysterious."

"Very—horrible!"

"Do you think that he was killed in his sleep?"

"Undoubtedly; and with his own pistol; his only movement being a spasmodic muscular up-leap when—"

"When he was pressed back in place by a hand—"

"A hand not his own—a hand that, in laying down the discharged weapon, had unknowingly caught a bath of red life-blood from the gushing wound."

A moment of awful silence fell, and then Keith spoke out in his quick, concise manner:

"Griff, do not lose sight of the body for an instant, while I am absent notifying the proper persons to look after the remains."

Hume, self-imposed sentinel, walked doggedly to and fro, being too pre-occupied to answer intelligibly Colonel Dewey's conversation.

The reader is conversant with all the formulas attending such a case, so I forbear detail, and will only say that the body was borne to the house of his long-time friend—the Colonel—where it was laid out with appropriate care. Dewey did not shame to wipe the gushing tears from his regretful eyes, as he stood beside the body and gazed down upon it with something of the smitten look with which a doting father gazes upon the remains of his eldest born.

Keith was half beside himself with grief and rage combined—baffled rage, as there seemed not the least clue whereby to hope to trace the murderer.

"Yes, he had an immense sum of money in his safe; he said it was more secure there than in a bank, although I cautioned him repeatedly about his fool-hardiness."

"Is it gone?"

"The safe did not seem to have been tampered with; and we concluded not to meddle with it until we should get word to his absent partner."

"Flamm?"

"Yes; the Colonel dispatched a telegram to Detroit, where he is, the first thing this morning. He will be here by to-morrow night, then it will be known if the money is disturbed. Ah, God! isn't a man safe in his bed with doors bolted and windows barred?"

"The murderer must have been in the room."

"No; how could he have gotten out?"

"Well, I know: but hav'nt you the least suspicion of any person?"

"Why should I have? Only this—that she-devil whom he thought he was going to marry is in some inexplicable manner connected with this crime."

"Miss Poinson—you don't mean it? It's atrocious."

"Griff," said Keith, impressively, "you loved this generous, impulsive fellow second to myself, and over his corpse I want you to promise to join company with me, and hunt down the assassin; to promise not to spare the murderer, be it male or female, bond or free."

This conversation had occurred just before the undertaker came in, and Griff from the right side of the still figure, and Keith from the left side, brought their palms together in token of the solemn contract.

Young Hume had taken the scissors and cut the bosom from the dead man's shirt, allowing Keith to explain its absence in any way which he might choose—securing in this way that strange, blood-stained mark.

The Colonel's entire family felt a terrible solemnity hanging over the house. Miss Poinson had swooned entirely away on hearing the awful tale, and now lay with her face to the wall, dumb and still, and Mrs. Dewey was sobbing feebly on her couch.

The night followed calm and moonlighted. Griff and Ambrose Keith appointed themselves watchers with the body. Drawn into a curtained alcove of the room, the two friends sat in moody silence, while the resplendent September moon poured a flood of soft glory over them, across the floor, and stopped in ghastly glow upon the recumbent body. The sound of speech seemed to them to be desecrating; involuntarily they listened, continuously with bated breath for some sign or motion from the rigid figure so lately buoyant with life and hope. What an indescribable calm and quiet lie across and beyond the portals of the tomb!

Had De Lancy died a natural death, much of this aching shock would not have been felt.

Griff's fine, nervous organization thrilled through every fibre as he recalled and dwelt upon his last interview with the murdered man. His reference to those faint and voiceless whisperings that sprang from nothingness and vanished in air, yet were awfully distinct to his pulsing ears—it savored so of the supernatural that an icy shiver crept over the young man's frame.

Had it been a warning, a premonition of what was to happen—a viewless messenger from the mystic clime? Who could answer? Yet of one thing Griff was convinced—De Lancy's singular and deep depression forecasted his untimely end.

Each man had seemed to forget the other's presence, buried deeply in his own reflections. Staring out upon the night, or at vacancy, they remained mute.

Midnight rolled the moon up so that her perfect disc fronted the southern windows of the room. Up, up over the feet of the dead man wandered the cool, pure flood of light, and at last spread like a veil of gossamer over his face. At that time they instinctively became aware of another presence in the room. A still, dark figure swam over the plushy soft carpet towards the corpse, and the moon lifted a sort of bridal veil from the body of the dead and draped her head and face and figure. Evidently she thought De Lancy alone—if ever our dead are so, and crept softly as a shadow toward him. Her long, unbound hair had yet the odor of roses and violets drifting among its shining fibres. Her face and hands showed ghastly pale in the still glory of the moonlight.

She turned back the sheet from his face, and the suppressed emotion surged through her delicate form in a long, hollow, quivering moan. She then threw her arms around the dead man, she swept his frozen face with her silky, perfumed hair as she kissed his sealed eyes and lips with the wildest abandon.

"Oh, love, oh, life—oh, all of earth!" she moaned. "God, God, why hast Thou bereft me? Parted now and forever. Life, light and Heaven for him—death, hell and the grave for me. Oh, life! oh, love! oh, God!" she articulated between her suffocating sobs. And then she threw herself upon the floor in as abject a position as that of the Hindoo, when the senseless idol crushes his life out with the brazen wheels.

"This is the end! this, the end," she repeated; "and beyond, is eternity. God in mercy, blind my brain and memory with forgetful madness."

An involuntary movement on the part of Keith startled her. She sprang up, once more baptizing the stormy face with the hot tears of agony, kissed the frozen lips, and glided like a spectre away.

"How could I forbear?" hissed Keith, in a hoarse whisper, from leaping like a tiger upon her and throttling her."

"What mean you?" questioned his startled companion.

"What mean I?" repeated Keith, "just as sure as damnation awaits the wicked, that woman is connected with the murder of De Lancy."

"Impossible. Keith, you need a straight-jacket."

"Do I? It does not matter—I affirm God's truth."

"I do not understand."

"No—then, nor I; but somehow, in some inexplicable manner, she is connected with the crime."

"I believed she loved him."

"Don't we often work direst woe to those we do love? She could tell us—she *shall* tell us something that will afford a clue to the mystery."

This Keith repeatedly affirmed during the night's watches, until his impressions imperceptibly gained strength with his companion.

On the day of burial, Flamm, De Lancy's partner, arrived from Detroit, deeply affected by the unlooked-for event.

In the presence of Colonel Dewey and others, he unlocked the safe, and found fifty thousand dollars abstracted; proving to the majority of those present, that De Lancy's defalcations had led to mental aberration, and then suicide. But what had he done with the missing funds. He was remembered as a generous, whole-souled fellow, but without particular viciousness or extravagance. Wherefore, then, had the money been abstracted? Ambrose Keith and Griff knew, but they had a more puzzling question to decide. Who was the murderer? and how had he obtained ingress and egress.

The police affirmed that, being a square away, and seeing no light and hearing no disturbance, they had concluded the idea of a pistol report had been a delusion of the senses.

"Work carefully, Griff," had been Keith's parting injunction, when the young man had returned to his business relations with the fort; "but you and I are not to give over the search until the mystery of poor De Lancy's death is explained. A quick, unthinking murderer I can have mercy for—but never for a cool, methodical, calculating one!"

"I promise you; and will give you notice if the slightest clue is obtained."

"Remember; and I will do the same."

### CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE DREAM, AND A STRANGER DISCOVERY.

"No clue, nor nothing like it;" were the words which had passed between the two friends on their meeting some time after the murder.

"It is the strangest thing, that such a crime could be perpetrated in such a manner without some reasonable trace being left behind of the criminal. Has any one disturbed the office or furniture since then?"

"No; I wouldn't have it disturbed for the present, choosing to pay the rent myself."

"There has been something singular upon my mind to tell you ever since then," said Griff, "but I had a delicacy about naming it, as De Lancy shrank from telling you himself."

Keith looked up astonished.

Griff then related what we already know concerning the whisperings that had so disturbed their friend before his death.

"God!" exclaimed Keith, rubbing his forehead distractedly, "there is more in this than we can get at—voices whispering! Let us go to the office a moment."

"And," said Griff, as they walked along, "I had a very odd dream the other night. You hardly believe in such things, I take it."

"Not in the least."

"Nor I; but this one impressed me. I've a mind to relate it, so long as brevity is the soul of it."

"Proceed," said Keith, with an incredulous smile.

"Well, I just thought poor Dick returned, and exclaiming, 'Look in the jog!' vanished as suddenly as he had disappeared."

"Where in the devil is the jog?" irreverently put in Keith.

"I don't know—where is it? Stay, isn't there a sort of jog in the office, by the chimney?"

"Why, the chimney is built out into the room, so there is a jog each side; but what of that?"

"Zounds, man! if I had known, I should not have commented to you. The dream—awaking as I did, with the seeming echo of a voice in my ears—struck me as singular."

Keith unlocked the office, and entered. Griff followed; both conscious of a sort of subdued awe at the complete stillness of the place, which they had so often heard ringing with De Lancy's cheerful voice. They stood together by the couch where the man was killed; the blood-stains were still visible, blackened and stiff with the air and age.

Then Griff turned away, and walked up to the jog by the chimney. He would hardly have been willing to acknowledge how his nerves twinged as he recollected that strange voice speaking out so concisely in his dream.

Keith followed him, and together they sounded with the butts of their pistols for some hollow place in the wall or about the chimney. Nothing rewarded their search. They went around and around the room, and tried every foot of wall, doors and ceiling and floor. Every effort seemed vain.

Griff stood meditatively, with his eyes cast down upon the carpet. It was of that hempen, ropey texture usually found in banks and offices. Through the middle of the breadth which fitted into the jog, there seemed to be a crease like that ironed into clothing by the laundress.

It is the strangest thing what trivial objects will, for a time, take possession of the mind when it either is, or should be occupied with the most weighty affairs.

Griff found himself asking "How came that fold in the narrow breadth?" This was followed by the equally foolish question of why he had never before noticed the crease. Now, there is no doubt but that the reader, or any friend, or casual acquaintance, could they have read what was passing in his mind, must have smiled; but the smile would have faded as he suddenly threw himself upon his knees, at the same time opening his clasp-knife. Certainly Keith stared in astonishment, but in a moment was as interested in the movements of his companion as Griff could be in his own researches. Starting near the chimney, by the mop-board, he thrust down his knife blade, and, with a deep ejaculation, sawed the blade along the whole length of the jog. He then sprang out into the floor beyond the crease in the carpet and stabbing his knife into the ropy fabric gave a quick upward jerk, at the same time exclaiming—

"Good God! here is the secret revealed."

Keith threw himself upon the floor beside him, and together they examined what appeared before them.

The short board of eighteen inches width, running from the chimney to the back of the room, had been loosened and made to perform the office of trap-door, the hempen carpet acting the part of wide, durable hinges. Underneath a passage had been tunnelled to some outside exit.

The two men settled back upon the floor and stared at each other speechless.

Griff was the first to break the silence.

"My dream! my dream!"

Keith did not wonder that his companion turned pale.

"One mystery is explained, but will this help us any?"

"Wait; we shall see. But this explains another thing."

"What?"

"The strange whispers that so troubled poor Dick. I recollect that he said they came only at intervals, when he was alone and perfectly quiet. The assassins thought at such times that the office was vacant; don't you understand?"

"Too well."

"They worked in the night, and concealed all traces. Evidently now there were more than one. Oh, why could we not have known this in time to save him?"

Keith shook his head and reiterated, "Why must such things be? and do you dare to explore—to follow this passage until we come to daylight? Ah, don't I wish that we had known, and had driven them down against the very muzzles of our revolvers."

"Yes, let me step down first and reconnoitre."

Griff slid into the tunnel-way.

"We had better have a light, and only one explore at a time; there may be a trap laid which would insure destruction if we advanced together.

A small lamp—De Lancy's—sat upon the mantel-shelf—matches in the safe. Igniting it, Keith declared himself anxious to crawl—which he would have to do on his hands and knees—toward the opening. Griff, dangling over the ditch, smoked his cigar, and waited and listened.

It was all of half an hour before Keith, now of far more sandy complexion than when he entered, came to the mouth of the underground tunnel.

"Well?" said Griff.

"Well," returned Keith, "it is a quarter of a mile long, and opens *under* the upper wharf."

"Is it possible?"

"It is; and so if there were but two men they had a big job, but they had the advantage of dumping the sand into the lake and created no suspicion."

"But how could they have engineered so long a distance and struck the given point?"

The head that planned the whole managed that. Iron rods not as large as the ramrod of a gun are driven on each side of the route, and a little distance apart. Depend upon it the master assassin knew how to plan, so to speak, knew what he was about."

"But, Keith, what do you think of my dream?"

"It staggers me. Still, concerning this discovery, make no comments."

"Not even to Flamm?"

"Not even to him; in fact, he may have left the city. He told me a week ago that he was only waiting to hear from Dick's people, as he intends to have the accounts settled as soon as possible."

"What will he do about the defalcation?"

"All that is generous and reasonable. Were De Lancy alive he would probably make him suffer, but with Dick dead, he proposes to share the loss—divide with the poor fellow's heirs."

"It seems as if we ought to mention this matter to him. Among all the persons with whom he and Richard dealt, he might conceive of *one* more likely to be in their confidence, and put us on the scent."

"Griff, I confess that I am jealous in this case. In our role of detectives, connected with our other business, we have never distinguished ourselves; and I don't think there is but one person, aside from ourselves and the murderer, who dreams that this death was other than a suicide."

"And that one person?"

"Is Isabel Poinson. Will you go with me to see her? I have watched her narrowly, expecting that she would attempt to leave the place. Had she done so, I should not have hesitated to arrest her on the spot."

Griff shrank from the ordeal; but not knowing what construction Keith might place upon his hesitancy, he consented to accompany him to Colonel Dewey's, to be present at the interview with Miss Poinson.

The servant showed them into the parlor, and Miss Poinson kept them but little time waiting.

Her pallid face and pink eyelids betrayed recent weeping. Her plain black garments brought into boldest relief her chalky paleness. She possessed supreme self-control, and greeted Griff with pleasant warmth, recognizing his companion with a graceful common-place salutation. Her sensitive organization immediately warned her of an antagonist.

"Miss Poinson,"—Keith came to the matter in hand without circumlocution—"I have called upon very unpleasant business, but I have made it a rule to waive personal feelings when they conflict with duty."

Her handsome eyebrows arched involuntarily as she fastened a keen glance upon the speaker, and waited for him to proceed.

"You doubtless are aware of what I am about to say in regard to poor Dick?"

A heavy flush swept across her face.

"Make yourself plain," she briefly commanded.

"Directly," returned he, while his mobile features underwent one of those lightning changes for which they were remarkable. "You have come to a similar conclusion with us, Miss Poinson, that he was murdered."

The surge of red flashed out, leaving her face like the dead.

"Is it not generally supposed that Mr. —that he committed suicide?"

"Generally it is; but we, his friends, know differently. He was murdered."

She shuddered violently, and then suddenly raised her eyes, flashing lurid fire, and with fine scorn exclaimed:

"Your manner, Mr. Keith, suggests that you have a mind to think *I* murdered him."

"Not so far from the mark, Miss Poinson, as one might suppose. I deem it possible that you know something of, or are connected with the murder."

"This to me?" she exclaimed, springing from her chair, while every feature quivered with outraged feeling, "to me, who loved him with a depth of which *you* could never dream? to me, who could I have foreseen his end, would have yielded my body to the rack and my soul to the fire of hell to save him the pangs of dying?"

Keith, daunted by this majestic burst of feeling, explained—

"I put the matter roughly—my deep regard for De Lancy, and my anguish at his untimely death, make even necessary gloss in the matter seem weak and superficial. I am aware that I have not the faculty of softening the dart that wounds. I meant to convey that I have a conviction that you can bring the assassin to justice—to the gallows."

"I cannot."

The emphasis on the short sentence arrested Griff's attention.

"Miss Isabel, the 'I cannot' is another form of 'I will not.'"

"If you choose—interpret to your liking; but, Griff, if the whole world questioned me, I have no proof to offer—no evidence, no facts."

"You have your convictions?"

Again her delicate eyebrows lifted toward Keith.

"Convictions amount to nothing, sir, especially if one does not confess them."

"They are brought forth sometimes," he returned pointedly, "by an arrest and the witness-box."

"You waste time with me," she went on hurriedly, still retaining her standing position, and meeting Keith's glance with her matchlessly brilliant eyes. "All the court-rooms in the world—ten thousand witness-boxes would not wring one word against my will from my lips now that it will not bring back the dead. And oh, it will not," she wailed, her delicate nostrils quivering under the deep emotion that she was holding in check with painful effort. "Principalities nor powers, things present nor things to come will ever give back my dead to me."

"Very true," rejoined he, arising to go, feeling that the unsatisfactory interview might as well close at once, "it would not restore the dead, but it might yield justice to the living, and bring the murderer's neck into the halter."

"I cannot help you," she returned, drearily.

"Very well," continued he, "I can get on, Miss Poinson, without you, and shall adjust the knot under the left ear of the person who deserves it, sooner or later."

"And I wouldn't mind if it was under your own, pink shell though it be," he vengefully muttered when he and Griff were upon the street. "What in the fiend's name makes the woman such a riddle? It seems as if she loved poor Dick, and she *does* know his murderer, but will not have him brought to justice. Faith! I have a mind to see how a prison-cell would operate upon the nerves of this lady accomplice."

"You do not understand her mettle," said Griff. "A prison-cell and its bill of fare would accomplish nothing with her. She is no plastic nature to mould itself to circumstances. It is the hard, brittle metal that breaks before bending."

"What theory have you in regard to her manner? Did she love him?"

"As only such natures love."

"What then, Griff?"

"She has told you. All that is done now will not restore her dead."

"And?"

"Would, somehow, work woe and destruction to the innocent living. Love him? Were Dick alive and in prison that woman would pick through the walls with a bodkin if by that she might rescue him. Were he in exile she would spend her whole life to reach him in time to minister to his dying wants."

"There, there, softly!" soothed Keith. "Griff, I thought that you did not like her?"

"I did not."

"You do now?"

"Hardly; but she seems different to me since I feel that poor Dick somehow died for her."

"Romantic boy? Did he die for her? or was he sacrificed for her, without his knowledge or will?"

"For God's sake don't tangle me up so," exclaimed Griff, vehemently. "What I mean is, that since my dream has worked out so strangely, I should not dare to persecute her in any way, because *he* loved her, and *he* might know and be unhappy."

Keith stared with distended eyes at his companion, and exclaimed, "Well, well, well!"

When they parted at the corner of the street they agreed that neither one was to act upon the matter unadvised of the other.

The next morning Griff received a note, brought to the hotel by Colonel Dewey's man. It ran:

"I wish very much to see you *alone*, Griff. Call, if you please, before leaving the city. ISABEL POINSON."

He said to the waiting courier, "Tell the lady I will be at Colonel Dewey's in an hour."

*(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 6.)*

# THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

## The Brierton Mystery.

### CHAPTER XIX.

FAST IN PRISON.

Wild Will's feelings were not very deep, assuredly; but he had a heart, and his impulses were generally good. He loved his wife dearly! but pleasure was his great idol, and games of all kinds his great delight.

He would even have played cards with a beggar on a door-step, rather than miss the excitement altogether.

Still, he was often judged very harshly, but by no one more severely than by the old farmer, Dolly's father, who spoke of him as though he were a villain of the deepest dye.

"If he were honest," he said, "he would work for his bread, like the rest of us, and not live by cheating, as he does now. I can't think how people can be such fools as to trust him. I wouldn't, even for one farthing."

This was before the day of Dolly's ill-starred marriage. Farmer de Lacy never discussed him after that.

"We'll keep our opinions to ourselves," he said, with grim temper; "and if any one says my fine son-in-law is a rogue, why, it will be my duty to knock him down. I never fought for a lie yet, but I dare say I shall get used to it in time."

Neither of his daughters answered him, for they did not dare; but the elder would vastly have enjoyed to insinuate that he owed all his humiliations to his great pet, Dolly, of whom she was wickedly jealous, although she loved her too.

But Wild Will, as we said before, was not by any means so bad as he was painted. He loved Dolly enough to risk ease and safety for her sake. It was not only duns he had to fear; the other peril was so great and pressing, that he even forgot at times he owed money in England, and might be seized for debt as soon as he showed his face.

It was the last accusation he feared and dreaded: but whether it was true that, wanting money, he had been tempted by Satan to this evil deed, was a secret known only to himself.

It was no proof of his innocence that he was careless and gay. It was Wild Will's nature to suffer brief agonies of remorse for a sin committed, and then suddenly to forget, or seem to forget.

No impression remained with him long; and, therefore, by this time he might have been expected to forget that terrible scene on the river's brink, and his own part in the awful tragedy.

But even the old farmer, his bitter enemy, never accused him. However much he might hate Wild Will, he did not care to believe his daughter's husband could be guilty of such a treacherous crime.

But though he had the chance that he might be arrested on touching English shores, Wild Will was not cast down. A mere child of sunshine, it was enough for him that the day was bright, and his fellow-travellers amused with his idle gossip.

When he reached Dover, and found that no one appeared to be interested in his movements, or inclined to dog his steps, his spirits rose higher still.

"Their bark is always worse than their bite, those lawyer fellows," he said to himself, exultantly. "I needn't have been in such a deuce of a fright, after all. If it wasn't for Dolly's state of health, I'd stay and look up some of my old chums before I went home."

But he heard something before he went to bed which made him think he might possibly have been a little too confident.

He drove to his old lodgings, thinking it better to avoid the publicity of a hotel, and Mrs. Collison readily took him in.

The clothes Wild Will had left behind being of the best quality and make, had sold so well that they had more than paid the young man's debt. On this account, and also because she really liked him for his pleasant, free manner, Mrs. Collison welcomed him with a cordial air.

"She doesn't know, at any rate," commented Wild Will, mentally, "or she wouldn't make herself so agreeable."

And he went to his own room, as a matter of course, ordered a chop and some bitter ale, and treated himself to a cigar whilst he was waiting.

When Mrs. Collison came in with the dinner, she shut the door after her, and said, mysteriously—

"Did you know you had enemies, sir?"

Wild Will laughed a little, but uneasily.

"I suppose you mean creditors?"

Mrs. Collison shook her head decidedly.

"No, they wasn't that sort. The first who came was a stout old gentleman"—and she described Dolly's father accurately—"the other was a military-looking gent, who wouldn't be satisfied, but he must go into your bed-room, and examine all the things you left behind. He was wonderfully taken up with one coat, me and my husband agreed was a long way the worst of the lot."

"And what did you do?" inquired Wild Will, feeling as if his relish for food had forsaken him suddenly.

"Well, he wanted to buy it," replied Mrs. Collison, evasively.

"And you refused, of course?"

"Of course!" she repeated, with a show of virtuous indignation; "it isn't likely, after all your kindness, I'd have made any bargain with a man who seemed to be your enemy, though he did offer me a good price."

"And where is the coat now?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Collison, coloring, "my husband gave it to a poor pensioner who had served his country faithfully for a great many years. He thought he couldn't do better with it than that."

Wild Will looked relieved.

"Was the gentleman fair or dark?"

"Which, sir?"

"The young one."

"He was a kind of cross between the two, and a good deal sunburnt. He had a very sorrowful look, as one who has known trouble, which didn't surprise me so much when I saw the deep crape band on his hat. You are quite sure you didn't leave anything valuable in that coat, sir? It was one you hadn't worn much, to my recollection; and I thought, laying by, you mightn't have known there was money, and so forth, in the pockets; though, to be sure, he didn't look that kind of gent."

"He didn't leave any name, then?"

"I never asked him to," replied Mrs. Collison. "He put such close questions, I was glad enough to see his back. I'll wager he's the worst enemy you ever had, sir, if you'll excuse the liberty I take in saying so."

"I am sure you mean well, and that is the principal thing," said Wild Will, rather hopelessly.

"Only it's a shame as people should be so malicious," said Mrs. Collison, lifting her apron to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary tear. "I don't believe, as I said to my husband yesterday, you would do any one an ill turn to save your life; and as to owing money, why you can't help being poor?"

Perhaps Mrs. Collison would have looked at the matter in a different light if her own bill had not been paid. As it was, she could afford to be considerate.

Still, with all her regard for her former lodger, she was not above the meanness of designing to frighten him away before any harm was done. It would not do to be reckless now that he had parted with all his old clothes.

So Mrs. Collison pursued, with her apron still at her eyes, "It makes me mad, it does, to see such envy and malice, and all uncharitableness, as they say in the marriage service; but you may depend, sir, the military gent has been watching this house, off and on, ever since he called; and it's my belief—although I don't wish to misjudge anybody—that he bought the coat, after all."

Wild Will turned sharply about, and the ruddy color forsook his cheeks again.

"I thought you said your husband gave it away to some old pensioner?"

"So he did; but as I was watching at the window"—and Mrs. Collison assumed a very mysterious air—"I saw a military-looking gentleman—I don't say it was the same—go up to him, and ask to look at the bundle in his hand. When they parted presently, I could have sworn that the military gent had the bundle, though, of course, he might only have been doing a Christian act in carrying it for the poor fellow."

"Did they keep together, then?" was the eager inquiry.

"Oh, no, sir!" replied Mrs. Collison, innocently. "More they did, to be sure! I never thought of that! But your chop will be quite cold," she added, considerately, "all through my bad manners."

And curtseying, with a very bland smile, Mrs. Collison withdrew, satisfied that she had accounted very cleverly for the transfer of the coat, supposing her lodger should hear of it as being in Captain Vane's possession.

As soon as the door closed upon her, he dropped his head in his hands, and pondered deeply and anxiously.

He firmly believed Mrs. Collison's assertion that Captain Vane was watching the house; and he knew of him from another quarter as a bitter, implacable enemy, who would hunt him to the death.

Therefore, every minute he remained here was full of peril. And yet, what could he do?

As he reflected, a dark shadow of pain came into his eyes, and his lip trembled.

"Could I do it—even for your sake, Dolly?" he muttered aloud. "It is too great shame, even for me, to go and humble myself before a man whom I have injured! I know his fierce temper, too; and yet my darling wants me. And this is the safest way of getting money, bitter and cruel as it is!"

He hesitated still, struggling with the passionate reluctance, the shrinking distaste to his task, that showed he had some

remnant of gentlemanly feeling left in him, although he might be a reckless spendthrift. And then he drew himself up with sudden resolution, and said, "What matters if I do suffer? Heaven knows I would starve twice over rather than lick the dust before that man, if it weren't for her! But all the lawyers in London probably know of this charge against me: so that directly I began to unfold my business, and they hear my name, they will have me taken into custody. And then what will become of Dolly?"

His thought was of her—her always. He had so often been in strange straits himself, and escaped by some lucky chance, he no longer dreaded these things for himself.

But then he had no one dependent upon him in those days. Whereas now he could not get poor Dolly's face of wistful entreaty out of his head. "Only, be quick!" in that sad, soft voice, rang in his ears always, leaving him no peace.

"If there were only another way of helping her," he thought; but he realized fully that he had only the chance of two alternatives—and the least unpleasant was also the least safe.

"And Dolly must be succored, before her gentle heart sickened from hope deferred."

Whatever the faults of Wild Will's career might have been, it is only just to remember of him that he was loyal and faithful to the poor little wife he had left behind, in every pulse of his heart.

It was this that made him decide, in spite of his inward qualms, that he would run down to Winstable that very night, and throw himself on Farmer de Lacy's mercy.

"Perhaps it won't be so bad as I fancy, after all," reasoned the young man. "He may bluster and storm for awhile, but he's sure to come round in the end. Dolly was his great favorite; and he has had time to digest his wrath by this time. It ought to content him that she is happy with me—poor little wife! And if the old gentleman likes to offer me a share in the farm, I'll settle near, and steady down—upon my word, I will! I must teach the paternal to play *euchre*, though, or it will be confoundedly dull. Let me see, when is there a train?"

And he consulted the book, whilst he eat a few mouthfuls of the chop, drank down the ale, and then sprang to his feet again.

For there was only one train that would enable him to see Farmer de Lacy before his early bed-time; and he could not afford, now-a-days, to call a cab, and rattle off to the station, "like a lord."

He must needs be satisfied with an omnibus, and trust to Providence to land him at the station in time. He would not take a return ticket; for, though he went third class of necessity, he promised himself to return in style. And so sure was he, in his sanguine way, that the old farmer would relent, he even spent his last farthing in the purchase of cigars to smoke on the road.

He kept his spirits up tolerably well in this way until the train actually stopped at Winstable; and then he began to feel frightened and depressed, and realize all the consequences of failure.

How was he to get back to town, for one thing?

But he cast these gloomy forebodings aside, and started off to the farm, briskly, singing, as he went, "Begone, dull care."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE VISIT TO THE FARM.

Wild Will passed the gate where Dolly had come out to meet him that fatal night, and walked up the garden path with a swagger that was simply meant to impose upon himself.

The old farmer had had a habit of late of sitting always with the blind up, and though he did not say so, his daughters fancied that it was all part of his intense, deep longing to see Dolly again. He was always expecting that she would return, stealing back, as she had gone, in the gloom and silence of night, and that his lamp would guide her, and brighten her weary eyes by showing her the peace and comfort within.

For that she was repentant and miserable both, the old man never once doubted.

The consequence was that Will knew exactly where to go, and came upon the old man suddenly, as he sat moodily smoking his pipe.

Evidently supposing it to be one of his daughters, he did not look up, until Wild Will coughed to draw attention, and then the lion eyes were fixed on him in fierce surprise, although, for the moment, the old man was too stunned to speak.

But, suddenly regaining his voice, he cried, hastily, "Thief! what have you done with my child?"

"I came to speak to you of her, if you will listen patiently," answered the young man, his heart sinking within him.

"Make haste, then, for I tell you fairly the sight of you rouses all the evil passions of my nature, and I sha'n't be able to keep my hands off your cowardly body if you stay long! Where is the girl?"

"She is near Paris."

"And you have left her? She ought to have known how it would be when the novelty of her beauty had worn off a bit!" he said, with savage injustice. "I could have told her that, and more, if she had only consulted me."

"Then you would have told her a lie!" exclaimed Wild Will, stung out of all control, "I have not deserted my wife! I have just come over to England, with her consent, at some risk, to get money, if I can, to keep her from starving."

"I said you'd never be able to keep her out of the workhouse," said the farmer, exultantly. "Let her come back to me, and she shall want for no earthly thing as long as she lives, whilst you stay away. Do you hear?"

"I'll tell Dolly of your offer; but I am sure she won't leave me," replied Will, with forced calmness. "With all my faults, I have never treated her ill yet."

"To persuade her to marry a spendthrift, like yourself, was to use her ill. If you had murdered her, I would sooner have forgiven you than now," answered the implacable old man.

"You ought to be satisfied, since Dolly is."

"Poor little fool!" he said, his voice softening ever so little; "was there ever anything born she couldn't manage to love?"

This was not very complimentary to Wild Will; but he swallowed the affront in the spirit that had made him face the old man, and brace himself to endure his anger.

"But she does love me, whatever the cause," he retorted, with natural triumph. "Almost her last words were, 'Come back to me as quickly as you can, dear; I shall want you so badly.'"

"And you are going, of course?" sneered Farmer De Lacy.

"I have'nt a farthing in the world."

This seemed to please the old man better than anything he had heard yet, for he actually laughed aloud, although there was no mirth in his laughter, assuredly.

"And so, having stolen a wife, as slyly as a fox robs a hen-house, you can't support her, and are obliged to come asking alms of her family to keep you both from starving? It seems to me you had better have let matrimony alone, and learnt to provide for yourself, before you tried to provide for any one else."

This taunt would have sent Wild Will fairly out of the house, and driven him to the other alternative for obtaining money, if he had only had enough to take him back to town. But, as it was, he was obliged to be humble.

He colored high, as he answered, "It is not for my own sake I ask, but for Dolly. The poor girl is ill—expecting daily to become a mother—"

"And you left her?" thundered Farmer De Lacy—"you left her—"

"What could I do? We had only a few francs between us; and I could not see my wife want for necessaries at such a time."

"I may as well tell you at once that I don't believe a word you say! And as for all your heroics, I take them for about as much as they are worth! If my daughter dies, you will be her murderer, just as surely as if you had plunged a knife into her poor, little, tender, foolish heart!"

Again that involuntary softening of voice and manner; resolutely driven back within himself, as if he hated to show any sign of emotion before his companion, lest he should take advantage of it.

But, in spite of its rigid repression, Wild Will had a dim hope of success, because it had been there; and observed that the old man could be moved, and might, perhaps, give in.

But he was vastly mistaken. The softened tone was for Dolly, and Dolly only.

When Wild Will began to mutter something about making a fresh start, for his wife's sake, the old farmer looked at him with terrible scorn—a scorn that made the other shrink abjectly, and feel utterly base and shameful in his own sight.

"You work! Stick to your cards and dice, my lad—it's all you are fit for now!—and let the girl come home to those who boast less and do more. The door is open to her if she leaves all her worthless belongings outside. I'll even forgive the child for calling you father, so long as it never does so in my hearing! You understand?"

"Yes, I understand!" Wild Will answered, like one stunned. Though he knew the other's bitter temper, he never dreamt he could be so unforgiving as this. "Then I am to go back to Dolly empty-handed, sir?"

"She can come here under the conditions I named."

"Even if she would leave me, she cannot safely travel in her state of health."

"Very well, then write down her address, and I and one of her sisters will go to her. I dare say you thought to get a good deal out of me after you had married the girl, but you shall find your mistake!"

This last insult overcame all considerations of policy or interest in Wild Will's mind. He turned, like a hunted animal brought to bay, and faced his infuriated companion, with a certain dignity Farmer De Lacy would have recognized if he had hated him less.

"Very well," he said, "I will truckle to you no more—even for Dolly's sake! If she perishes, the sin lies at your door, who refused her succor in her need!"

He walked toward the door, and the old farmer, who had not expected him to give in until he had obtained all he wanted, called after him frantically, "Give me my child's address!"

"No," said Wild Will, drearily; "it is no use. Dolly will not leave me, even for you—Heaven bless her true heart! It may be that I shall have to beg my way back to her; but, at any rate, she will find me a smile of welcome, and that all the malice of my enemies will never be able to darken or dim."

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "You love money, I know. I will give you ten pounds for that address."

Wild Will hesitated. His every instinct revolted against this compromise; but it might be the only way he could reach Dolly—Dolly, who was pining and longing for him with all her true heart. So, conquering his reluctance, by a grand effort, he marched to the table, where writing materials were standing, and wrote down the address.

"You deceived me once," said the old farmer, who could not resist giving a parting shot. "How am I know that it is right?"

But he held out the money as he spoke, and so, without answering, Wild Will took it into his shrinking hand, and went his way.

It was not in the old man's strong, harsh nature to repent, otherwise he would have made atonement in after days for the wrong done to one who, though faulty enough, was not guilty of the sin he had laid to his charge.

There was a feeling akin to despair in Wild Will's heart as he walked through the shadowy lane, with the light of the lamp at the farmer's window sending a dart at him as if in derision.

He must try and borrow money now. There was no other alternative.

He had heard of Mr. Langley's name in connection with Winifred de Lacy's affairs, and judging that he would know of his claim, and identify him as one of the legatees, he thought it might save time to apply to him.

It was nine o'clock when he reached town; but he took a cab immediately, and drove to the lawyer's house, thinking, after his sanguine fashion, that he might possibly finish his business this night, and leave for Paris in the morning, so as to save Dolly one whole day of watching and waiting.

He knocked at the private door, and asked if he could see Mr. Langley.

The servant thought not, but begged civilly he would give his name.

Wild Will took out one of his cards, scribbled on it in pencil, "On urgent business," and awaited the result.

The servant came back in less than a minute to say that his master would see Mr. de Lacy, and, leading the way to the office, lighted the gas, and handed the visitor a seat.

Mr. Langley was chief clerk in a large suburban district at this time, and lived in the sessions house, so that his offices were on the ground floor, under those occupied by his family.

Wild Will fancied that the place looked blank, and desolate, and painfully professional, but he had not much time to notice these things, for in a minute or two Mr. Langley made his appearance, and pretended not to see his visitor's outstretched hand.

"Mr. William de Lacy, I believe?"

The young man bowed, and could only regret that he had not limited himself to this formality in the first instance.

"You are one of the legatees under the will of Mr. Hugh de Lacy, deceased?"

"I am."

"Are you come to consult me in this matter?"

"No," answered the young man, desperately, "I am come to borrow a little money on my legacy, if I can."

"Oh, indeed!"

Mr. Langley's tone was not encouraging, but either Wild Will did not notice this, or pretended he did not, for he went on with a certain assumption of ease his face belied.

"The fact is, my wife is not very well, and I am confoundedly hard up. That is the long and short of it; and I may as well tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, may I not?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Langley, in a chilling tone; "there is nothing like candor, of course."

"Just so," said the young man, gaining heart, and persuaded that he was making progress. "You know all about the business, and that I'm obliged to come into eight thousand pounds, and so I thought you wouldn't mind lending me a few hundreds just to go on with. There's no risk, and I'll pay you what per centage you ask—in moderation, you know."

"I understand," said the lawyer averting his dark, inscrutable face, and seeming to ponder.

"And you wouldn't mind obliging me, I dare say?"

"Not at all. There is only one little objection I had better just mention."

"What's that?"

And Wild Will's courage sank again.

"Simply this"—and there was the same chilling calmness in the lawyer's voice: "that I am afraid the money would be of no use to you if I did."

"You mean that I should spend it all directly?"

"That was so much a matter of course, I should never have troubled you with the hint; but this would be no affair of mine, so long as I received the interest, and I could help myself to that."

"No fear," returned the young man, venturing on a little joke, merely to reassure himself. "You lawyers always take care of yourselves."

"We sometimes take care of other people too."

"When it answers your purpose."

"Even when it doesn't affect our interests in the smallest degree. We are capable of human feelings, although you may not think it."

"I was only joking, upon my honor, Mr. Langley. I don't suppose lawyers are better or worse than the rest of us, only they happen to have a bad name."

"Which is always unfortunate, I'll admit," said Mr. Langley, in a tone whose significance was quite lost upon his companion; "for they say if you give a dog a bad name, you may as well hang him—and I daresay the rule holds good with human beings as well."

"I don't know about that. We are none of us quite so bad, really, as our enemies make out."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it," answered Wild Will, confidently. "Now, I don't pretend to be a saint—but I sin't altogether such a rogue as my worthy father-in-law represents."

"Perhaps not."

"You are deuced laconic," exclaimed the young man, irritably; "but you can't *prove* these things against me, any more than he can."

"I don't mean to try."

"That's all right, then," replied Wild Will, brightening again; "but you give such confoundedly short answers, I began to think he had poisoned your mind against me."

"I have never seen or spoken to Mr. de Lacy in my life."

"And nothing lost, I should say. Though he is Dora's father, he is the most cantankerous old fellow I ever came across."

"I believe you ran away with his daughter?" observed Mr. Langley, freezingly.

"Well, yes, I did. We knew it was no use asking his consent, and so we took French leave."

"And he was so unreasonable as to object?"

"I can't say that I expect him to like it particularly; but what's the use of grieving over spilt milk?"

"That's a very easy kind of morality; but some of us, unfortunately, are so constituted that the very fact of a thing being irreparable makes it harder to bear. It is very foolish, of course—but I'm one of that sort myself. If you had married my daughter, I don't think I should have ceased to regret it until the very last day of my life."

The severity of the lawyer's tone made an impression on the young man at last.

"You are very hard upon a fellow!" he stammered out, with an expression of real pain in his eyes. "I don't see that I am much worse than others, after all."

"Those things are matter of opinion, no doubt. The most hardened criminal ventures to flatter himself that there are others worse than himself."

"You don't mean to compare me to a hardened criminal, I hope?"

Mr. Langley seemed to listen stealthily for some sound in the hall; but, not hearing any, altered his tone to one that was more conciliatory.

"It is all by way of argument, of course." Then he added—"How much is it to be?"

"Come!" exclaimed Wild Will, exultantly, "I thought you weren't such a prig as you pretended. Supposing we say £500?"

"Not a farthing!"

Wild Will looked at him as if he thought he must be mad; and whilst his eyes were fixed on the lawyer in puzzled surprise, the door behind opened, and two constables came into the room.

Mr. Langley uncrossed his arms to point out Wild Will.

"That is your prisoner, my men. I command you to arrest him for the murder of Winifred de Lacy on the morning of the 18th of June last! You had better caution him not to say anything that may criminate himself. As far as I am concerned, I am thankful to say my dealings with him are done."

"There, come along peaceable, that's a good gent," said one of the men, placing a heavy hand on his shoulder. "I always say it does the prisoner a deal of good at the trial when he doesn't give any trouble. You won't object to these handcuffs—they're a very light, convenient make—now would you?"

Wild Will regarded him in a dazed, bewildered way, and then he uttered a passionate, despairing cry of "Dolly! Dolly!"—a cry that followed Mr. Langley into the very bosom of his family, and gave him the first doubt as to the righteousness of his own deed.

"Just let me write a line to my wife," pleaded the miserable man—"only one line, and then I won't resist."

"No, no; you come along," said the elder constable, who had lately been reprimanded for laxity in the performance of his duties, and was, therefore, stimulated to extra zeal. "Your wife will know all about it sooner than she cares for, and I haven't no time to waste."

"But you don't understand; she'll think I've deserted her—and she's very ill."

"Oh, no! she won't think nothing of the kind. I'll be bound she's been expecting this; and as to her being ill, that's all a hum."

"Will no one have pity?" murmured the prisoner, wildly. "I don't ask it for myself—I only ask it for her."

"Hold your jaw!" said the constable, roughly. "I know all about this sort of thing, and it don't pay for the trouble—just let me tell you that."

The prisoner dropped his head on to his manacled hands, and a great sob shook his whole frame.

"Dolly—Dolly!" he cried still, in his heart hoping the sound might reach her through some finer sense; but though her very life depended on it, she never once heard.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.

## A STORY OF THE COMMUNE.

BY PHŒNIX.

"Mein Himmel, a most beautiful girl!" prisoner," said Karl Von Höhen to a Communist who stood bound at his side. "Can you tell me anything of her?"

"I could, monsieur, were the game made worth the candle."

The answer was a well-filled purse landing on the table before Pierre.

"Her name," he said, quietly, "is Marie Le Vert; her mother is a lace-mender, her father dead, her lover in the French army, comes home shortly. More I know not."

"Not even where she lives?" said Karl, with a slightly petulant tone in his voice.

"Yes, truly, if that will interest you. No. — Faubourg St. Honoré."

"Is it near?"

A slight shrug is the answer.

"Pierre, if you take me there when you think she will be at home, your insult will be forgiven and yourself released."

"Good! I am at your service, monsieur."

The subject of this conversation was the type of a Parisian of the "people." The dark hair and flashing hazel eyes are well-known to those who have visited the gay metropolis as evidences that the owner will not bear trifling with.

She sped along the streets, muttering to herself the while, "Things cannot go on in this way longer, work I need and *must* have. Victor is gone, when he returns I know not. Oh, that the *Bon Dieu* would put an end to this war, these cruelties which are enacted in the streets of Paris day by day." 'Tis a sad picture, reader, yet one seen often during the late French war. A young girl struggling to live, and having to fight against her the vices and cruelties which ran riot in the streets that day. God help her!

"I think the best thing for you to do, colonel, would be to have *some lace to mend*, that will be all in the way of business, and will make an excuse for our entreé, you know. After that you must manage for yourself. I will go."

"Rat-tat," went the hilt of Colonel Von Hohen's sword on the door of Marie's room.

"Come in," responded a clear voice. "Pierre." This word was pronounced in a tone of the deepest disgust.

"This monsieur has brought lace to mend."

There was a fierce light in Marie's eyes as she saw these men enter her apartment, and her hand involuntarily clasped the knife she had been cutting bread with when they entered.

"I am sorry I cannot invite you to be seated," she said, looking straight at them.

"People who live in the clouds must expect their visitors to rest when they reach the top," said Karl, quietly seating himself.

"You will excuse me, messieurs, if I go down stairs to draw water, while I leave you to rest."

"Not so fast, mademoiselle," said Karl. "Not so fast, one kiss before you go, *ma chérie*."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed a voice at the door, and Karl turned to see Pierre stretched on the ground, and a tall young man standing before him.

"Leave the room instantly," said Victor, for it was he; "if not, you will rue it," and he pointed his pistol at Karl's head. Karl had forgotten *his* pistols, expecting to find all plain sailing, and of what manner of use was a sword against a pistol? Of none whatever, Karl evidently thought, for he stood the next minute under the starlight, muttering "*Der Teufel.*"

"Pierre, is it you who have turned traitor to me?" cried Victor. "My dear Pierre, my late friend, it is only the presence of Marie that saves you from what you deserve. Adieu, monsieur."

There was a bitterness of sarcasm in these words of Victor's that seemed to betoken no good to Pierre, who, let us hope, received a lesson.

Victor and Marie,—these names are now linked together never to be separated; and neither the War, the Commune, nor the Republic, have succeeded in shaking their faith in each other.

☞ One of the youngest officers in the late Lava Beds war received a letter from his "bright particular," which contained the following touching passage:—"And if anything should happen to you, do make some arrangements to have your hair recovered and sent on. It is the exact color of mine, and I can't get a pair of curls of the right shade anywhere."

☞ A blacksmith has succeeded in changing the gait of a pacing horse to that of a trotter, by simply fastening an extra pair of shoes heavier than usual to the fore-feet whenever he wants the horse to trot, and taking them off at all other times. The sudden change of weight on his fore-feet forces the horse to change his gait.

☞ At a private party recently held in Detroit, a boy thoughtlessly drew a chair away from a corpulent gentleman who was about to seat himself, thereby letting him down on the floor in a very unpleasant manner. A merry laugh greeted the unfortunate victim when the "joke" was discovered, which, however, was changed to a murmur of regret, for it was soon found that the gentleman was unable to rise. He was assisted into an adjoining room, where a physician, who was one of the guests, ascertained that the force of the fall had created a rupture, the effect of which will be felt through life.

☞ Unbolted wheat meal bread, oat and rye meal bread, cow's milk, and different kinds of fruit afford fit nourishment for the brain. Any brain laborer adopting such a diet, will be agreeably surprised with the increased vigor and clearness of his mind, and the unusual ease with which he can apply himself to his task. The student will find that he will be enabled to commit his lessons more rapidly, understand more clearly and easily, and make far greater advancement in his studies.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Electric bells—Female telegraph operators.

☞ A Bore—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

☞ The vitality of some people is simply astounding. There is a long-haired youth at Buffalo, who has written 700 verses, the refrain to which is "I'm dying, mother, dying," and withal he isn't dead.

☞ A disorderly crowd in Utica was recently dispersed by a man taking off his hat and announcing that he was taking up a missionary collection.

☞ Ladies just returned from Europe wear the hair very plain and low on the neck, which is said to be the latest style abroad.

☞ An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

☞ A clergyman in England was recently fined $50 for sending to a parishioner a postal card on which he had written some gentle admonitions upon the subject of non-payment of church dues, and upon the evils of a too great love of money.

☞ A Nebraska man, on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go snuffing around and forget them hams."

☞ "How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered and said, "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation and adoption."

☞ A young German of noble birth, whose uncles and brothers distinguished themselves in the Franco-Prussian war, in which they were officers of high rank, has been sent to the penitentiary of Texas, at Huntersville, for stealing two watches from the boarding-house in which he was employed as a scullion.

☞ The Bowling Green, Kentucky, Democrat recently informed its readers, that "during an address by Mr. ——, in Allen county, a few days ago, a gentleman in the audience arose partly to his feet, and with pathetic tenderness remarked 'Ouch!' He had been sitting on a wasp, and the wasp had just noticed it."

☞ "If George had not blowed into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow at the funeral of her husband, "he might have got plenty of squirrels; it was such a good day for them."

☞ A Memphis girl was married the other day, and immediately sold her piano, bought a sewing-machine, and made her husband a suit of clothes and herself two calico dresses; and now fourteen young men are seeking the hand of her unmarried sister.

☞ A Western editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

☞ Fancy the feelings of a Pennsylvania mother, who observed that her child (four months) was breathing with great difficulty in its cradle asleep. Inspection was the work of a moment, when it was discovered that "something like a cord" was round the child's body under the little nightgown! Something like a cord, indeed! It was a snake thirty inches long, coiled tightly around the frame of the little cherub. In fact, the wicked old serpent was so comfortable, that it was with a good deal of difficulty that he was persuaded to uncoil; and when he did so, instead of stopping, like a fair-minded snake, to have his photograph taken, he bolted hastily into a hole.


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## HARVEST.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The golden sunset gleams athwart the corn,
The crimson blush of eve is in the west;
The reaper homeward whistles from his toil,
And on the earth is stamped the seal of rest.

Low bends the bearded barley in the breeze,
White with the kisses of the harvest queen;
The oats quake tremulous, and on the sea
The still, pure Autumn sky reflects its sheen.

The yellow plums hang mellow on the tree,
The blue-bloomed damsons gleam amid the leaves,
The rose-tinged peach clings nestling to the wall,
And jocund gleaners roam amid the sheaves.

Spirit of Harvest! wake our grateful hearts,
To raise glad anthems to His earnest praise,
Reaper of all—Him who alone can give
Sweet hopeful seed-time, golden harvest days!

## IN THE HALIBURTON MILLS.

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

Five o'clock Saturday afternoon. The great gates were opened wide, and the factory hands came out into the sloppy street in a noisy, hurrying crowd. Such a motley crowd as it was!—such a dreary, disconsolate procession, despite the tawdry finery and loud talk and laughter in which some of them indulged. Gray-haired women with care-worn, calculating faces and their garments drawn closely around them (for it was early spring as yet, and the wind was damp and raw)—girls with a bold, hardened expression which made one sick at heart—dull, hopeless-looking women that nothing could brighten or change—all hurried through the gates and up through the town.

After a few minutes the first rush was over, and those who had lingered, waiting to gossip a few moments before separating for the night, came out in groups of twos and threes; and among these last-comers was a woman, who—strange sight in so unchild-like a place—led by the hand a little child, a handsome, fair-haired boy, whose daintily-fashioned garments contrasted singularly with her own poor, plain dress.

"I'm tired," said the child as they neared the gate; "carry me, mother."

The woman stooped and lifted him; but just as she did so, a man, roughly dressed and with an ugly stoop in his broad shoulders, came up to them. "You must not do that," he said almost sharply. "Bertie is too heavy for you—give him to me."

The child submitted uncomplainingly to the exchange, and nestled his soft cheek up against the new-comer's rough coat contentedly. "Going to carry me all the way, Uncle John?" he said, looking askance at his mother. "I'm awful tired."

"He's been asleep," said his mother, apologetically, as "Uncle John" answered in the affirmative, "and is only half awake as yet—that was why he wanted to be carried."

"Selfish little animal,"—the voice was oddly at variance with the words, and he held the "little animal" very tenderly as he spoke. "Do you love your mother the least bit, Bertie?"

"Yes," answered the child, "a whole heart full; "and when I'm a man, I'll build her a house, and you and I and her'll live in it together."

Perhaps the strong arms held him a little closer for those words—no one knows—but the woman's beautiful face never showed that she heard the child, and then Bertie, who was by this time fully awake, insisting upon gazing in at the window of a toy-shop, they stopped a moment in their walk.

As it was dull and foggy the gas was already lighted in the store, and Bertie, all unconscious of the beautiful picture he himself made, with his wide eyes, his pink cheeks, his tumbled yellow curls crowned with a little velvet cap, gazed with rapt delight upon the treasures inside, and repelled manfully all proposals to proceed upon their homeward way.

While they were still standing there a young gentleman, coming rapidly up the street, brushed carelessly against the woman, who stood in the shadow, and turned with ready courtesy to apologize.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and then he stopped short, with an exclamation of surprise. "Why, John, old fellow!—here I am again."

There was a glow of pleasure on John Spencer's honest face as he shook the extended hand. "Welcome home, Mr. Victor," he said. "I'm glad to see you for one, and that's the truth."

"I'm just back," said the young gentleman, glancing at the woman, who stood with her face turned away, not seeming to notice them, "and am going to stay this time. I haven't a moment to stop to-night, but shall see you soon;" and then the child's bright face caught his eyes. "Here, my little man," he said, "do you want a penny to spend? Hold tight."

It was more than a penny which he put into the little dimpled hand, and as he paused a moment to praise the child's beauty, the light shining full upon him, showed that he was a wonderfully handsome man—tall, finely-proportioned, with high-bred, aristocratic features, a complexion clear and rosy as a young girl's, frank blue eyes, a heavy mustache and close-cut, curling yellow hair.

Singularly enough the child, who was rarely shy of strangers, shrank from this handsome, finely-dressed gentleman, and slipping from the arms which held him, let the money fall unheeded, and clinging to his mother's skirts, looked up at the stranger with a scowl on his baby face.

"I'm mother's Bertie," he said, "not Uncle John's, and I don't like you—go away!"

The gentleman laughed, though in a half-vexed way. "Your little boy is very candid," he said to the woman, trying again to get a glimpse of her shadowed face, "that's no fault though—I'm glad I met you, John—shall see you again in a day or two, but can't stop any longer now," and he was gone, walking briskly up the street, his head thrown back in a proud way which seemed natural to him.

"Bertie was a naughty boy," said John Spencer, picking up the child's money. "Very naughty," but two little arms were thrown around his neck and a coaxing voice said:

"Carry me again, Uncle John—please do—I love you," and human nature could not resist the childish flattery.

"That was Victor Haliburton," said the man, after they were beyond the snare of the toy-shop, "just home from Europe. He's the one you've heard me talk so much about—just the noblest and best young fellow that ever lived. I owe my life to him. I should have been drowned ten years ago if it hadn't been for him—just a slip of a lad he was then—and there's not a man in the world that's nearer and dearer to me."

"I don't like him," cried Bertie, energetically; "and mother don't either. Do you, mother?"

"Be quit," she said, so impatiently, that Bertie, unused to anything of the kind, was frightened into silence, and not another word was spoken until they reached the door—then Marah gave her hand to John Spencer with a quiet good-night, and he went on alone.

Three years before, a woman, dressed in deepest widow's weeds, and with a baby in her arms, had made her appearance at the mills of Haliburton, Eastlake & Company asking for employment. She gave her name as Marah Keene, and the superintendent, who was not apt to be over-kind or considerate to any one, was so impressed, either by her beauty, which was remarkable, or by her proud, lady-like ways, that she obtained a place at once and commenced work, carrying her baby to and fro every day, and caring for it with almost more than motherly tenderness.

She was far too beautiful to escape unkind thoughts and criticisms from the factory hands, but there was something in her cold, proud manner that commanded, at least the appearance of respect, and even the rudest and boldest of the girls, however much they might gossip together about her, never dared to express their feelings in her presence.

"Not that *I* believe she's any better than she should be," said one of the girls after she had been there a week or so, "but there's a look in her eyes that makes one careful what one says to her;" and as the days went by even these whispers ceased.

As the baby grew older he made many friends; the girls petted and played with him, and even the superintendent became one of his most humble admirers, and would carry him off for hours together into his little office, where he would play with him merrily, forgetting his usual grim dignity entirely. The baby's mother, however, made no friends whatever, either among her daily companions or in the town; her beauty would have brought her attention and admiration anywhere, but she repelled every one by her utter indifference and cold unconcern. When any one tried, as several did at first, to break down the icy barrier which she had raised between herself and the world at large, the impossibility of such a proceeding was shown at once, and, after awhile, all such attempts ceased, and she lived a silent, solitary life in the midst of the busy town. Always dressed in black, with never a ribbon or an ornament—stern and cold always, save to her child, which she seemed almost to worship.

Only one person in the whole town did she ever admit to anything like "friendship," and that was John Spencer the blacksmith. Something in his kind face attracted the baby—"little Bertie," at the first, and the woman often paused a moment on her way to and from work to let him speak to the little one, and she never repelled his kindness as she did others, for there was something in his quiet, friendly manner that she could not resent, and by degrees she came to think of him as a friend indeed, and he brightened her dull, lonesome life not a little.

Once when Bertie was sick unto death with a contagious fever, and she, wild with grief and fear, was incapable of caring for him, John Spencer had come and nursed him as tenderly as the gentlest woman could have done, and as she felt, saved his life.

From that time she seemed to feel that he was her one friend in all the world; but when, one Sunday as they sat on the river-bank together, he told her of the great love which he felt for her—she turned from him and wept.

"I love you so," said he, touching her bowed head lightly. "I am only a rough fellow; but it's a hard world for a woman left alone, and, please God, I would try my best to make you and Bertie happy."

"Don't," she sobbed. "I never thought of this."

"But I have," he said, "for a long time. Ah, if you only knew—"

She grew calmer as he spoke, and looking up into his honest, loving eyes answered—sadly, but firmly. "It cannot be—you only pain me by speaking in this way—I shall never marry," and then as the gray dusk settled down around them, she told him her story—a story which made his face grow hard and fierce, although he stroked her hair tenderly all the while.

"Marah," he said at last, "will you not answer me differently, now that there is no secret between us? I love you only the more;" but she answered him again—

"No, never!" and sitting there with her hand in his, he felt that there was no hope for him, and crushing back his great sorrow, tried to comfort the woman who had humbled herself before him.

"Marah," he said, as they parted at her door, "do you love him?"

She understood him, and he was fairly startled, man that he was, by the look on her face as she answered—

"I *hate* him!"

"Then," said he, "I hope we may some day meet."

That was all; but there was a look in his eyes which gave those few words a terrible significance.

To-night, long after Bertie was asleep, his mother sat by the window listening to the roar of the river, and thinking intently; the town-bells rang out the midnight hour; but still she sat there, and it was not until the gray clouds in the east were tinged with morning red that she rose, and then it was because Bertie stirring in his sleep, missed her and cried out in a sudden fright.

She quieted him with a few gentle words, and as he once more fell asleep, she unlocked a drawer in the old bureau, and took from it a small parcel tied up tightly and securely, and sitting down by the window again, undid the fastenings.

There was nothing of value there—only a few letters, tear-stained, and crumpled as by frequent reading, some withered flowers, a knot of ribbon, a lock of curling golden hair that might have been cut from Bertie's little head; some verses written in a bold, dashing hand, and dedicated, with many flourishes "To Megsie," and nothing else; but the woman's face turned white with pain as she looked them over, and when with a stern determination in her eyes, she laid them on the hearth and watched them blaze and turn to ashes, she knelt down by her boy's bedside and wept such tears as women rarely shed.

Monday morning found her at the factory as usual; but, to the no small wonderment of the "hands," with a shade over her beautiful eyes.

"They have troubled me of late," she said, quietly, and then a day or two after, she came with a close cap entirely covering and concealing her beautiful hair.

"Odd, isn't it?" said the girls one to another, "wonder what she wants to make such a guy of herself for?" But no one dared to ask, and she said nothing, only as the days went by the trouble in her eyes grew no better, nor was the cap ever laid aside.

One day as she was working at her loom, a bevy of visitors came in—Victor Haliburton, who since his return had been in and around the factory a good deal, and a number of young ladies and gentlemen. Marah did not look up as they passed her, but as they stopped to speak to Bertie, who, seated on the broad window-seat, was amusing himself with some playthings, she paused a moment, listening to the exclamations of admiration from the young ladies at the child's wonderful beauty.

"Whose child is he?" She heard the question and the answer, and she heard one fair-faced girl saying in a surprised undertone, "She? She looks old enough to be his grandmother;" and then, laughing and chattering, they passed out of the room.

Marah did not usually betray any interest in the visitors, but, as these disappeared, she turned to the girl next her and asked abruptly:

"Who is that young lady? The one with the long curls, I mean."

"That's Miss Desmond," was the answer; "the one young Mr. Haliburton is going to marry. Pretty, isn't she?"

And Marah, answering in the affirmative, turned back to her work.

A short time later the superintendent carried Bertie off for a romp, and Marah, watching him as he went off, rosy and laughing, kissed her hand to him with a smile. The air was close and heavy in the room, the noise of the machinery made her head throb with pain, and the heat made her sick and dizzy. "I think I must get some water," she said to the girl next her; "please look out for my loom a moment;" and then she turned to go. A sudden mist came before her eyes, a great roaring sounded in her ears, the floor seemed to fall beneath her, and then there came a moment of agony, and all was black and nothingness. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the floor in the superintendent's office, surrounded by anxious, pitying faces. She felt the cool breeze from the window blowing across her face; she heard the confused murmur of the crowd outside the door, and then, as she was sinking back into unconsciousness, the old doctor, with a sad face, bent over her, and raising her hand gently laid it back on her breast, and shook his head.

"Am I dying?" she asked, and then, as she saw the answer in his face, she wailed despairingly, "Oh, my baby! my baby!" and then lay quiet, the dull, heavy pain which she had felt at first growing harder and heavier, and the crushing weight on her breast increasing with every breath.

A sudden movement at the door roused her again, and Victor Haliburton came in, his handsome face flushed and excited.

"Who is hurt?" he asked, "is it serious?" and then his eyes met Marah's.

For one moment he stood motionless, the fresh, boyish color in his face dying out and giving place to an ashy gray. It was not the old woman that he had seen so often in the factory, and known as Mrs. Keene, that lay there, but a woman young and beautiful, the shade gone from the great dark eyes, the luxuriant hair veiling the shoulders; and then, with a sudden rush of repentance and remorse for the great sin of his life, he flung himself on his knees beside her and hid his face in his hands.

"Bertie," she said, very softly, but the old false name made him shudder, "don't feel badly—lift my head a little, I want to speak to you."

He raised her gently in his arms, and then, with a little sigh of relief, she smiled up at him. "Don't," she said, as he began to speak, "it's all over now. I said once that I would kill you if we ever met, but I was nearly wild then, and I think God has forgiven me; you will—won't you?"

"Forgive *you*?—oh, my God!" he groaned. "Curse me, Margaret—but don't talk like that. I never knew the whole, Megsie. I swear I didn't. I thought—"

The old pet name brought her back from the shadow which was creeping over her.

"I didn't want you to know me," she said. "I was going away soon. I hope you will be very happy." She was failing fast; but after lying quiet for a moment, she spoke again. "My baby—I must see him. Where is he?"

"Here."

And the child, frightened and trembling, was put down beside her.

"Be a good boy, Bertie; mother is going away. Kiss me." And then John Spencer's face looked down upon her. "Good-bye, my friend," she said, "you have been very kind to us." And then turning her head a little, she looked up again at the man whom, in spite of all, she loved so dearly.

"Kiss me good night," she said. And then a little shiver crept over her. She sighed softly; a stray sunbeam coming through a rift in the cloudy sky, shone on her beautiful face, lighting it up gloriously for a moment; then the clouds came together, the white lids closed over the dark eyes, and the poor wronged heart ceased beating forever.

PUNISHING THE PARSON.

MINISTER.—"John, I did not see you at church last Sunday!

JOHN.—No sur, father sent I to t'other church and sez if you wont lend us the wheelbarrow, I beant to go to your church agaan, never no moar.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH TURKS.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

During the Cretan struggle with the Turks, and in the year of 1866, circumstances called me into Greece, and from thence a spirit of adventure, of romance perhaps, led me to espouse the cause of the Candians, and, as was the case with several other Americans, become a volunteer soldier in their service.

Romance and adventure I certainly had sufficient of ere I had even reached the Cretan army, which I did by running the blockade of a Turkish fleet in a small unseaworthy craft of some sixty tons burden, with a number of volunteers from every known land of Christendom and Mohammedom.

Two-thirds of our crew of forty men were sea-sick, and the more fortunate remaining third laughing at their expense, brought on a quarrel which well-nigh ended in a general destruction of all, for a mutiny was only quelled after sending several ambitious mutineers to Hades, with the aid of powder and ball liberally given.

Chased by a Turkish cruiser, we barely escaped capture in the darkness of night coming on, to be the following day overtaken by a terrible storm, which well-nigh sent us to the bottom, with our old craft for a coffin.

But at length the shores of Crete came in sight, and by good management, in spite of the keen-eyed Turks and the vigilance of their cruisers, we escaped to the shore.

How most of our cosmopolitan crew fared I know not, but as for myself I discerned, ere I had been long in Candia, that my peace of mind would have been greater had I remained away and not allowed a love of adventure to carry me into the lion's den.

Still I received a fair position as an officer, and determined to make the best of a mistaken patriotism for a foreign land. I drilled my cosmopolitans early and late, and after a few weeks held a squadron at my command, which I believe was as enthusiastic a set of thieves as ever disgraced the army of any nation.

Sometimes it was my wont to select a few of the most reliable of the number and start forth upon a raid about the Turkish lines, not only seeking what we might devour, but also anxious to fall in with any body of the enemy whom we could easily drive from the field.

In case I desired to make a more extended excursion of the kind, or wish to attack a force even greatly our superior, I needed but to suggest the possibility of plunder, and my troopers were with me to a man, willing to do and die in the attempt to enrich themselves.

Upon one of these raids I led a few men much farther than usual, and while indulging in a midday meal in a small village I heard with considerable dismay that a large body of Turks was rapidly approaching.

The half dozen men that accompanied me were scattered through the village enjoying themselves as best they knew how, while I was seated at the humble table of a peasant woman, whose husband was a spy of the Cretans, indulging in a modest but substantial meal.

The husband of the woman had brought me the information, and I was about to tell him to call my men to assemble at once, while I continued on in the agreeable task of dispatching my dinner, when with a cry of alarm, he suddenly darted away, and disappeared up the hillside just as some dozen shots were fired in quick succession but a short distance away.

Instantly my appetite fled from me, and hastily arising I glanced through a loop-hole of the hut, and beheld a sight that caused my heart to almost cease its pulsation, for backed against a wall, and bravely defending themselves, were three of my men, while at their feet lay three more literally hacked in pieces by a body of Turks ten times their number.

My first impulse was to rush forth to the succor of my men, but then a glance up and down the street proved to me that the village was full of Turks, and I knew that, if by any chance I could run away, "I'd live to fight another day," an opportunity I am always desirous of, not so much for the "fight another day," as for the desire of living to be able to be present or absent according to circumstances.

As I gazed I saw my men fall, one by one, cut down mercilessly for to cry for quarter to a Turk is wasting breath, and then followed barbarities too cruel to mention, as spell-bound I remained at the loop-hole.

"They are coming for you," suddenly cried the woman, and anxious that they should not find me I instantly bethought me of action, but whither to go, what to do, I knew not, for the miserable hovel afforded no means of escape.

"Is there no means of getting away from here except through the gateway?" I asked the frightened woman.

"None, you are lost;" was the mournful answer, as she wrung her hands in an agony of sorrow, for she was a true Cretan, and loved all defenders of her native land, be they ever so scared, as was certainly the case with the one before her.

The shouts became louder, the steps heavier outside, and nerving myself to die at bay bravely, as became a man who could get no opportunity of doing otherwise, I was about to spring into my saddle, and dash from the spot out into the crowded street, when an exclamation from the woman deterred me.

"The spring! the spring!" she cried.

"Well?"

"It is a desperate chance, but your only one—anyhow it is better than death, such a death, at their hands."

I was not an apt speaker in the language of the Cretan, but well did I understand the woman, and like a drowning man catching at a straw, I caught at "the spring."

Seizing me by the hand the woman pulled me into an inner room, in one corner of which was a well of water, about the same size around as a hogshead, deep, pure, and flowing thence into the mouth of a small cavern, the opening of which was about three feet in diameter.

"It flows through the hill out into the valley beyond; quick, for 'tis your only chance," cried the woman as a loud knock came upon the door.

"How far through is it?" I asked with dread, for I liked not this underground road, perhaps to perdition.

"Five hundred feet—quick."

"Great Heaven! would you have me borrow through the earth?" I asked; but then as a loud rap was heard once more, I asked "*Who* has ever gone this way?"

"A bucket floated through once, and a small child fell in the well and was carried out to the valley, but it was dead."

I didn't doubt that information, but as a risk for life was better than a certainty of death, I determined to take the venture, and with a grasp of the woman's hand, a setting of my teeth, I plunged into the well just as a band of Turks broke into the house.

The swift current of the stream swept me at once into the tunnel, and then truly did I feel the full, the heart-breaking horror of my situation, for from thence there was no retreat, I was doomed to go on, for strive all I might I could not stem the irresistible sweep of the waters in their narrow channel, for the sides were slimy, and no hold could I get against them, although I struggled to retrace my way and go back and die with my sword in my hand, for any death was better than this, I thought.

It was now as dark as the blackest night, and the current swept me rapidly on, on, on, each moment the tunnel appearing to narrow, until at times I believed the water had arisen above my head, and I was drowning; but no, still on I swept, the water a little more than half filling the barrel-like tunnel, and its gurgling, hollow and ominous, sounding like a death-dirge, for there was no music in its ripple, there in that midnight gloom, that dungeon infernal.

Swifter and swifter the current bore me, my hands outstretched before me in the blind darkness, my knees drawn up under me to hold my head above the rushing tide, and then, at length—it seemed to me ages of agony since I had started—my hands struck a rock, I was forced into a narrow aperture, the waters, checked by my body damming up the passage-way, rose above my shoulders, my head, and I believed all was gone, when by a mighty effort I forced myself through, and once again the angry current, retarded for a moment, hastened me on, on into a large tunnel, which gradually increased in size, for nowhere could I touch its walls, while the waters each moment became more shallow, and then, oh, joy beyond joy, a faint light came before my vision, then grew stronger and stronger, until in a second more I arose to my feet and walked upright from the mouth of a large cave, from whence the little torrent bounded over a fall of some ten feet and mingled with a small brook at the base of the hill.

Out from darkness into light, out into the open valley, where the beauty of nature burst gorgeously before my eyes, where the trill of the birds greeted my ears, and the ripple of the brook sounded most musically; once more free, once more myself, and feeling brave enough to fight a regiment of Turks, a sensation more in the feeling than the act, for in the midst of my joyousness and boldness, I heard a distant shout, and instantly I ran like a Turkey, over the green hills and far away, until my eyes once more beheld the colors of the Cretans fluttering in the evening air; but yet, though years have passed since then, I have not forgotten those few moments of agony I passed in the tunnel among the hills of Candia.

## THE MORNING COMETH!

BY GLEN CAROL.

Deeply, darkly the night has fallen. There is no moon, and even the kindly stars have veiled their faces, thick clouds shut out every friendly gleam of light, and slowly, slowly the hours drag on. Yet, to this night, as surely as to those all-radiant, must come the morning! Glad and golden, and so full of promise will it beam upon thee that the memory of thy thousand haunting fears, and of the long dull hours, will vanish even as a dream—remembered only with a smile.

Courage, shrinking *heart!* Full heavily around thee closes the long night of sorrow; each glad, bright ray of joy is hidden from thy sight, and thou hast almost ceased to watch for the slow-coming dawn—yet courage! Upon nights as dark as thine have mornings fair and sunny dawned, and upon hearts as heavy laden the dew of peace hath fallen! Until the first shining beam of hope pierces that far-off horizon, thou canst but wait.

Patience! Beyond those storm-clouds, dark and threatening, shines the eternal sun; for thee, for me it shines though hid so often from mortal vision, obscured by these dull earth-mists, veiled by midnight clouds.

The morning cometh—and if thine eyes so weary fail to catch the splendor of its dawning *here*, they shall not miss its loveliness, its glory all unfading, where the night falls never!

## Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

J. R. D., (Prosperity, Ky.,) asks: "1st. I am going to see a young lady who is very much afraid I will flatter her. How should I proceed to relieve her of that fear? 2d. How should a young man proceed to win the affections of a young lady who endeavors to refrain from loving any one on account of fearing such love will not be reciprocated. 3d. Being the attendants at the marriage of a couple, what position should the attendants take on the floor?" 1st. By avoiding the slightest approach to a compliment. She is certainly a very uncommon lady and we think you should be careful not to distress her by flattery. But do not go to the opposite extreme, as she may like that even less. 2d. He should let her see that she has won his affections, and so lay on her the burden of reciprocation. If he really loves her there is little danger but that she will know it. This is one case in which the ladies are quick at taking hints, and in understanding signs and tokens. 3d. The groomsmen should stand in line to the right of the groom, and the bridesmaids to the left of the bride.

I. O. F., (Buckhead, S. C.,) asks: "1st. What is gravitation, if it is, as I have lately seen it stated in the newspapers, swifter than electricity and light? 2d. Is the S. E. Post, being neutral in politics, the cause that it is the best family newspaper in America? 3d. If you have the opportunity will you look for a mole's eyes and report the result? 4th. Have you engravings of H. Peterson, and at what price?" 1st. Gravitation means the force with which substances tend to move toward the centre of the earth, or of other spheres. Its effects are what we know as weight, and the motion of falling. We do not know that the rapidity of its motion has ever been calculated. It seems to act instantaneously. 2d. That may be one of the causes, but unless it had far greater virtues than that it would not deserve the encomium which you are pleased to give it. 3d. We do not expect to have the opportunity soon, and if we had we fear we might not embrace it, as our mind is not exercised that way. We gladly delegate the task to you, and hope you may report progress. 4th. We have no such engravings.

NE PLUS, (Conover, O.,) asks: "1st. I desire the correct pronunciation of D'Aubigne? 2d. I saw it stated somewhere, sometime ago, that soap-bubbles could be made to remain for nearly an entire day. Can you tell how it is done? 3d. Is there a book published, giving instructions in pencil or crayon drawing? Where can it be purchased, and at what cost? 4th. Is there an instrument used in enlarging pictures, so as to give the exact outline, increasing the size to any reasonable degree? Where can it be purchased? 5th. I saw directions somewhere for making a box with reflecting looking-glass at end, opposite the eye, which would give an extended and beautiful field, according as you placed objects in the box. Can you tell me what I mean, and how to make it? 6th. Taking 10 as the scale—what would you grade this writing? 7th. Does it annoy you to have so many foolish questions proposed? 8th. Why is the word 'Graphic,' used in connection with the proposed Atlantic balloon trip? 9th. What would be the cost of a good telescope, such as are used sometimes in the streets of Philadelphia to take observations of the planets? 10th. Can a book be bought giving complete instruction for cleaning and repairing clocks? 11th. I have some furniture blurred and scratched. Can I get the old varnish off by any easy means, so as to revarnish and make nearly as good as new? 12th. Is there a bridge from Philadelphia to Camden?" 1st. Pronounce Do-bee'-ya. 2d. We are inclined to doubt the statement. We have heard that a certain substance, mixed with the soapy water, will make the bubbles more durable, but have forgotten the name of this substance. 3d. There is no book devoted specially to that subject. It may be given in some works on drawing. Burnett is the best writer on the subject. 4th. There is said to be such an instrument—but we do not know where it can be obtained. 5th. We do not understand what kind of optical instrument you refer to. 6th. We cannot undertake to grade the writing of our correspondents by their percentage value. You write a fair hand. 7th. We have cultivated the virtue of patience. We are glad of the opportunity to afford information, when we are able to do so. 8th. Because the expense of preparing the balloon, and providing the other requisites, was undertaken with a great flourish of trumpets by a newspaper of that name, in New York. We fear they have made a miserable failure of it, however. 9th. That is more than we are able to say. You may get this information, and also an answer to your 8th question, from an optical instrument-maker, as McAllister & Co., Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 10th. The Clock Maker's Manual, by M. L. Booth. 11th. We cannot give you any positive information on this point. Our idea is that the old varnish would all have to be scraped off by hand. 12th. No. There has been some talk of building one, but the talk seems to have subsided.

TRACHER, (Bryan, O.,) asks: "1st. How many metals are there? 2d. Why are not 'Croquet' and 'Chignon' in Webster's Dictionary? 3d. Will wood expand by heat? 4th. What is the meaning of S. T. 1860 X, used as a trade mark? 5th. What is the subject in this sentence? 'There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.' 6th. Is not electricity the cause of the buzzing sound heard from telegraph wires? It is often heard when there is no wind. 7th. When a nail is struck with a hammer and bent, why will it bend diagonally instead of laterally? 8th. Why does milk sour more readily when it thunders? 9th. What is heavier than platinum, and what is harder than the diamond? 10th. Are ash leaves dreaded by snakes? 11th. What is the origin of the phrase, 'As poor as Job's turkey?'" 1st. Chemists class about fifty of the elements as metals, though it is hard to draw a line between these and the non-metallic elements. Many of these are only known to scientists, and only a few of them are of use in the arts. 2d. Because they are not originally English words. They are French terms, and have only recently become Anglicized. 3d. Yes, though sometimes it appears to contract. This is caused by the moisture being expelled by the heat. 4th. It means, so far as we can guess, 'A sure thing in ten years from 1866.' 5th. Limit is the subject of it, and forbearance of cease. The phrase includes two sentences. 6th. No. It is caused by the wind. It forms a sort of gigantic Æolian harp, and may, when properly stretched, require very little wind to bring out its tone. 7th. We cannot see any distinction between diagonally and laterally in such a case. If you fail to strike a nail truly, it will bend according to the direction of the blow, whatever that may be. 8th. Probably by some change in the condition of the atmosphere caused by the electric action; it is probably the lightning, not the thunder, that produces the effect. 9th. Platinum is considered the heaviest metal, though some chemists say that osmium and iridium are equally heavy. There is nothing known harder than the diamond. 10th. We have heard it said that they are dreaded by the rattlesnake. 11th. We do not know. Poor as Job is a common phrase, and some genius has lengthened it with the idea that Job's turkey would have but lenten fare.

SUBSCRIBER, (Kenton, Tenn.,) asks: "1st. Is President Grant a member of church? If so, what denomination? Is he likely to be the Republican candidate at the next Presidential election? 2d. Did any of your correspondents ever see a beech-tree that was struck by lightning? If so, please answer through the Post. 3d. Who and what is Max Adeler? 4th. Who was Cain's wife if she was not his sister? 5th. Will you give me a good recipe for making light bread? 6th. Where is Jefferson Davis, and what is he now doing? 7th. Which is the longest railroad in the United States? 8th. Do you know anything about a washing machine called ——? If so, do you think it as good as recommended? 9th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. We do not know to what denomination, if any, he belongs. As to who may be the candidates at the next Presidential election, you know just as much as we do. 2d. If any reader has seen this phenomenon we are open for communications. 3d. He is, like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent humor." We believe that he tries to be serious sometimes, but the fun will drop out. He really can't help it. 4th. We do not know. 5th. Bread-making requires but two requisites, care and experience. Without these no recipe will serve to make good bread; with them there is little danger of a failure. The trouble about the bread is that bread-makers work too much by guess, and leave the result too much to the operation of chance. The best cooks are those who use the balance and measure. Care, experience and the old plan are sure to produce good results. 6th. We are not aware of his present location and occupation. 7th. The Union Pacific is the longest in the United States, or in any country. 8th. We have never heard of it, and therefore cannot vouch for its recommendations. 9th. It is a readable hand, but not a good one.

We have learned, since the date of our answer to Davy Crockett, Jr., of August 23d, that there has been a change in the game laws of the State of Pennsylvania. By an act passed last session, and approved May 1st, 1873, the killing of game is forbidden during the following months: Deer from the 1st of January till the 1st of September. Squirrels from January 1st to July 1st. Rabbits from February 1st to October 1st. Woodcock from January 1st to August 1st. Quail from January 1st to November 1st. Pheasant or grouse from January 1st to September 1st. Rail and reed birds from December 1st to September 1st. The penalty is ten dollars for every bird or animal slain in the cases of woodcock, quail and pheasant; five dollars in the cases of reed and rail birds, rabbits and squirrels; and fifty dollars in that of deer.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]